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Dante Number.

November 1903.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

With this number of The Bookman we have pleasure in presenting to our readers an interesting collection of pictures connected with the life and work of Dante Alighieri. For help in obtaining these illustrations we have to acknowledge our indebtedness to the Corporation of Liverpool for permission to insert in the issue reproductions of "Dante's Dream," by D. G. Rossetti, and "Dante and Beatrice," by Henry Holiday, from original paintings in the Walker Art Gallery of Liverpool; to the Dante Society of 22, Albemarle Street, W., for allowing us to reproduce their statuette by Carrier; to Messrs. Alinari for designs from their new edition of "La Divina Commedia"; to Mr. William Heinemann for placing at our disposal Federn's "Dante and His Times"; to the G. Grote'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung of Berlin, for portraits, etc., from Kraus's "Dante, sein Leben und sein Werk"; to Messrs. Cassell and Company for two drawings by Gustave Doré; to Messrs. Isbister and Co., for the loan of Dean Plumptre's Life of Dante and the translation of his works; to the Rev. John S. Carroll for kindly supplying various originals, and for courteously affording other facilities.

The Mask of Dante in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence,

Formerly in the possession of the Marchese Torrigiani.

"Peace dwells not here—this rugged face
Reveals no spirit of repose;
The sullen warrior sole we trace—
The marble man of many woes."
—"On a Bust of Dante," by T. W. Parsons.

(Reproduced from a photo by Brogi in Federn's "Dante and His Time," by kind permission of Mr. Wm. Heinemann.)

Mr. W. W. Jacobs is engaged on a new novel, which is to begin its serial course in the January number of the *Strand*.

Mr. Barry Pain is contemplating a third "Eliza" book, which will complete the story of the famous couple. The new volume is to be called "Eliza's Nephew," and it will deal with the introduction of that relative to the household.

Mrs. Hugh Fraser is writing a romance dealing with the life of Mary Washington, the mother of George Washington. Few women in history stand out as does Mary Washington, a model of high principle, tender affection, and pure devotion to her family and to her country. One or two meagre accounts of her have been written, but nothing approaching a complete presentment of her has been given to the world, nor has she ever been made the subject of a romance. Mrs. Fraser has been preparing the book for a long time past, and has consulted all available sources in the United States in order to give a true picture of this remarkable woman and the times in which she lived.

We hear that so great is the demand for Mr. Kipling's new volume of poems "The Five

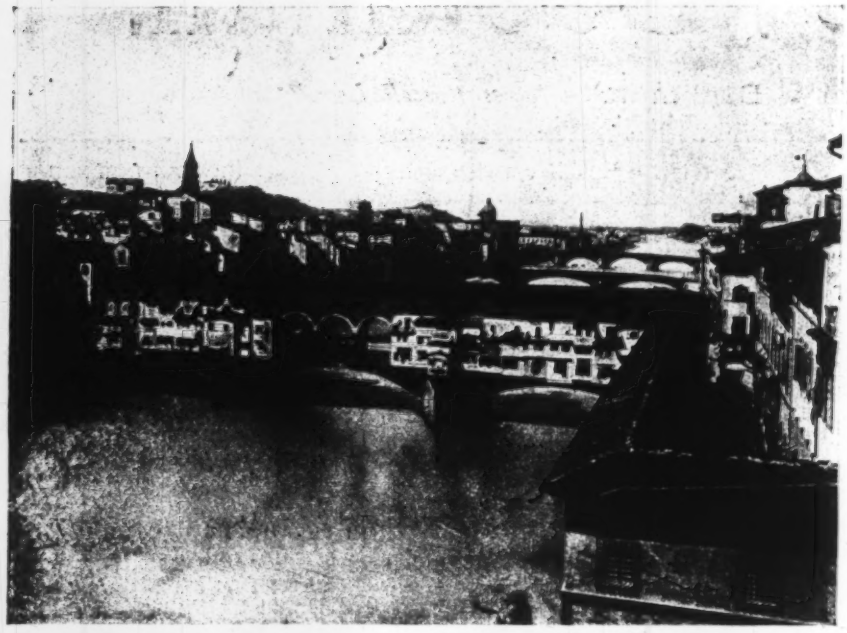

Photo by Alinari.

Florence and the Arno.

The nobility of Florence in the middle of the thirteenth century was in a state of deadly hostility, being divided into two equally strong factions, the Guelphs and the Ghibellines. Dante's father was a Guelph, and Dante joined that party which supported the interests of the Church. His ancestors were twice banished by the Ghibellines, but his own banishment took place while the Guelphs were in power, owing to a split in the faction. The commencement of the warfare was occasioned by a lover's quarrel, ending in the assassination of Buondelmonte. The place of rioting where this gay cavalier was murdered was the Ponte Vecchio, the most picturesque of the seven bridges over the Arno. Buondelmonte, mounted on a milk-white steed, was one day returning from a visit to the villa of the Bardi, when, on approaching the foot of the bridge, the friends of the bride he had deserted rushed upon him, dragged him down and killed him at the foot of the pillar, where stood the statue of Mars.

Nations," that the publishers have had to go to press again, and that the number of copies now printed amounts to sixty thousand. These figures cover, of course, only the English and colonial editions.

Mr. W. E. Norris has recently completed the MS. of a new novel entitled "Barham of Beltana." It will be published serially in the first instance through a syndicate of newspapers, and afterwards in book form by Messrs. Methuen and Co.

A new short story by Agnes and Egerton Castle, entitled "The Heart of Mandeville," will be published at an early date in one of the popular monthlies. "The Castles'" new book, "Incomparable Bellairs," will not be published until the spring of the new year. It will bear Messrs. Constable's imprint.

The title of Mr. Charles Marriott's new novel is, we understand, to be "Genevra." It will be published in book form in the spring of the new year.

Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins has written a short story entitled "Mrs. Thistleton's Princess," and we believe the editor who has been fortunate enough to secure this is Mr. Hutchinson, of the *Windsor Magazine.*

Mr. Hilaire Belloc will be represented in the publishers' Spring Lists by a little volume of essays, which will appear under the general title of "Avril."

Mr. James Blyth, whose "Juicy Joe," recently published by Mr. Grant Richards, attracted a good deal of attention, has now written a new novel entitled "Celibate Sarah." It will be published in book form here and in America in February or March of next year.

Mr. George Horace Lorimer is writing a new series of "Letters," in which the "Self-made Merchant" will again be the principal character. They will appear under the title of "Old Gorgon Graham" in the pages of the *Saturday Evening Post* of Philadelphia, of which Mr. Lorimer is the editor, and simultaneously in this country in *Pearson's Magazine.*

A Japanese publisher recently issued a Japanese translation of Mr. George Horace Lorimer's "Letters from a Self-made Merchant to his Son." An advertisement in one of the Tokio papers, which is just to hand, announces the book as being already in its fifth edition. The "Letters" have also been translated into German, and the German edition will be published at an early date.

So great has been the success of "The Hound of the Baskervilles" in America that the publishers are now preparing a German translation for circulation amongst the very large German population which is scattered through most of the States of the Union.

The articles which appeared in the July and October numbers of the *Quarterly Review* on Pope Leo XIII. and his Successor were from the pen of Mr. Richard Bagot, who has been a frequent contributor not only to the English but also to the Italian periodicals on the subject of Vatican policy. Mr. Bagot is one of the few living English authors who has written in the Italian language, in which, we believe, he published before he published in English.

Mr. Arthur Morrison is about to commence a new series of stories in the *London Magazine,* under the general title of "The Green Eye of Goona"—stories of a Case of Tokay. Another striking series which will commence in this magazine in December is by Major W. P. Drury, author of "The Shadow on the Quarter Deck," etc. The *London* will in future be under the editorship of Mr. Charles P. Sisley.

The final volume of the Authorised Edition of

Thackeray's prose works, published by Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co., has now been issued, completing the set in thirty volumes. The work, which is edited by Mr. Walter Jerrold, contains nearly 300 drawings by Mr. Charles E. Brock, in addition to a unique collection of Thackeray portraits and a number of the original illustrations.

The statuette of Dante which appears on the cover of our issue, is reproduced by the courteous permission of the Dante Society, from a work of art by Carrier, at 22, Albemarle Street, W., the premises of the Society. Lectures are held from time to time in connection with this Institution, and preparations are now being made for the publication of the series for the benefit of members. On the list of lecturers appear many well-known names, amongst others those of Dr. Richard Garnett, Mr. Alfred Austin, Mrs. Craigie, the Right Hon. James Bryce, and Mr. Luigi Ricci, Secretary to the Society.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will publish next month a work by the Rev. John S. Carroll, entitled "Exiles of Eternity: An Exposition of Dante's Inferno." Mr. Carroll, the author of the very valuable and interesting article in this number, is a master of his subject, and in "Exiles of Eternity" his chief purpose is to show clearly the general bearing and scope of Dante's ethical teaching. It is his belief that the symbolism of "The Divine Comedy" is not so obscure and intricate as it appears to the general reader, and that to the careful student it points the way to a universal morality. The volume contains a full biographical introduction, and will certainly make strong appeal to all Dante students.

Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall has for some time been engaged on the revision of a new novel which Messrs. Constable are to publish in the spring. It is entitled "Enid," and is an English story. The intimate knowledge of the East which so impresses one in "Said the Fisherman" was gained during a two years' residence in Syria, when Mr. Pickthall was studying Arabic with a view to the Foreign Office. After passing his examination, however, Mr. Pickthall abandoned the idea of the Civil Service, and further and peculiar knowledge of Oriental life was gained while he attempted the establishment of a silk farm.

Messrs. Cassell and Company are bringing out a new Fine Art Edition of their well-known Doré Dante in fortnightly parts at 6d. net.

Mr. Alphonse Courlander has completed a novel which Messrs. Duckworth and Co. will publish in the early part of next year. The title of the book is "The Taskmaster," and the scene is laid in a village near Salisbury, among the Wiltshire brickmakers.

Messrs. Alinari, of Florence, are issuing in three volumes a beautiful edition of Dante's "La Divina Commedia," illustrated by modern Italian artists. The "Inferno" and "Purgatory," which will respectively contain 135 and 120 illustrations, are published at 15 francs, and "Paradise" at 20 francs. There will also be a special *édition de luxe* complete in one volume, bound in leather, at 150 francs. Messrs. Alinari will issue in portfolio form a number of these interesting drawings, three of which are reproduced in our pages.

Mr. H. G. Wells' new novel, "The Food of the Gods," will tell the story of two scientists who discover a wonderful food which is to make men as big as mountains, and chickens as big as elephants.

Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Co. of Chicago are just issuing a volume, edited by Mrs. E. W. Latimer, entitled "Talks of Napoleon at St. Helena with General Baron Gourgaud," together with the Journal kept by Gourgaud on their journey from Waterloo to St. Helena. In "Napoleon: The Last Phase," Lord Rosebery wrote that "the one capital and supreme record of life at St. Helena is the private journal of General Gourgaud."

Photo by Alinari. **San Gemignano.**

In the spring of 1300 Dante went as ambassador to San Gemignano, a town some ten miles from Siena, in order to announce that an assembly was to be held for the purpose of electing a new captain of the Guelph League of Tuscany, and to invite the citizens of San Gemignano to send representatives. The room in the Palazzo of San Gemignano is still preserved much in the same condition as on that occasion, when, according to the contemporary record of the event, "the noble Dante Alighieri, ambassador of the commonwealth of Florence," explained various matters concerning this election to the assembled Council. Dante's mission was apparently successful, for the record states further that the proposition of the Florentine Ambassador having been debated, was approved and ratified by the Council.

Photo by Alinari. **Dante Alighieri.**
From a Fresco by Andrea Del Castagno in the Convent of St. Apollonia, Florence.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

SEPTEMBER 19TH TO OCTOBER 20TH, 1903.

The wholesale business transactions during the past month have averaged to about the usual extent for the time of year, and a material increase of demand has been experienced, much helped by several items of importance. Reports of slackness are, however, to hand from several quarters, and owing to the very unsettled conditions in the political atmosphere, much uneasiness is felt as to the immediate future.

The leading line has undoubtedly been the publication of the long-anticipated life of Mr. Gladstone from the masterly pen of Mr. John Morley. The issue in three volumes has been necessarily of a bulky nature for the trade to cope with, and it may be said to have literally sold by the ton. The De Blowitz Memoirs was also well received.

Another very important item in point of public interest was the issue of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new volume, "The Five Nations." The orders placed before publication were very large, and since its appearance immense numbers have daily been disposed of.

The output of 6s. fiction is again assuming gigantic dimensions, and over fifty new issues have been placed upon the market during the past few weeks. The existence of many volumes is, however, of but short duration. The most popular of the recent output have been "The Long Night," "A Passage Perilous," "The Relentless City," "Hetty Wesley," and "The Heart of Rome." "Pigs in Clover," "The MS. in a Red Box," "Lady Rose's Daughter," and several others previously noted continue to attract a wide circle of purchasers.

At 5s. "Lovey Mary" and "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" still maintain their already assured popularity; and at 3s. 6d. "The Flame of Fire," by Joseph Hocking, has been much in demand.

Two humorous works at 2s. 6d. have sold freely—"Lost in Blunderland," by Caroline Lewis, and "Tea-Table Talk," by Jerome K. Jerome.

The present season promises to be unusually prolific in large paper and limited editions.

Another imaginative production of Mr. H. G. Wells, entitled "Mankind in the Making," has attracted a considerable amount of attention and been in constant request.

The political outlook is somewhat ominous for the welfare of the book trade, and the present fiscal discussion has already caused much unrest and the appearance of a host of works mostly of a pamphlet nature. During the earlier part of the month thousands of copies of Mr. Balfour's "Economic Notes on Insular Free Trade" were sold, and it was difficult at times to obtain a supply. Mr. Vince's book on Mr. Chamberlain's proposals met with a ready sale, and a second edition of "Imperial Reciprocity," issued by the *Daily Telegraph*, has continued to sell freely. The majority of issues up to the present are from a Protectionist point of view.

The most notable addition to the magazines has been the *Book Monthly*, which, considering the already well-covered field, has been very successful.

The following is the list of books which have been most in demand throughout the month :—

Six Shilling Novels.

The Long Night. By Stanley J. Weyman. (Longmans.)
A Passage Perilous. By Rosa N. Carey. (Macmillan.)
The Relentless City. By E. F. Benson. (Heinemann.)
Hetty Wesley. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. (Harper.)
The Heart of Rome. By F. M. Crawford. (Macmillan.)
Pigs in Clover. By Frank Danby. (Heinemann.)
Lady Rose's Daughter. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Smith, Elder.)
Barlasch of the Guard. By H. S. Merriman. (Smith, Elder.)
The MS. in a Red Box. (Lane.)
The Call of the Wild. By Jack London. (Heinemann.)
Griff of Griffithscourt. By Helen Mathers. (Methuen.)
Cynthia's Ideal. By Adeline Sergeant. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Life of Willian Ewart Gladstone. 3 vols. By John Morley. 42s. net. (Macmillan.)
The Five Nations. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Methuen.)
Lovey Mary. By Alice Hegan Rice. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. By Alice Hegan Rice. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Flame of Fire. By Joseph Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Cassell.)
Lost in Blunderland. By Caroline Lewis. 2s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
Tea-Table Talk. By J. K. Jerome. 2s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
Mankind in the Making. By H. G. Wells. 7s. 6d. (Chapman and Hall.)
Economic Notes on Insular Free Trade. By A. J. Balfour, M.P. 1s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

Mr. Chamberlain's Proposals. By C. A. Vince. 1s. net. (Richards.)
Grant Richards' Annual. 5s. (Richards.)

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Sept. 26—Trade fairly brisk.
Oct. 3—Exceedingly busy in Export Trade.
,, 10—Trade well maintained in all departments.
,, 17—A very good week in Home Trade. Still brisk in Export.

(2) SCOTLAND.

SEPTEMBER 18TH TO OCTOBER 19TH, 1903.

Following a brisk school-book season came preparations for the Christmas trade. On all hands much enterprise was shown by the leading publishing houses in placing in their announcements gift books, with charming illustrations, suitable for the young folks, and special mention must be made of the competition in producing handsomely bound, thin paper editions of standard works.

Of course the leading event of the month was the publication of Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone." As was anticipated, the book found many sympathetic readers in Scotland, and the press notices being generally favourable, the advantage to the bookseller was very considerable. Next in importance must be named Kipling's "Five Nations," which had a hearty reception by all admirers of that gifted writer.

The discussion of Fiscal Reform brought with it a large number of publications, of which perhaps the most successful was "Imperial Reciprocity." In this connection may also be noticed the frequent requests for such books as Morley's "Life of Cobden" and Smith's "Wealth of Nations."

As usual at this season, large orders were booked for annuals, annual volumes, and almanacs. Much ingenuity and skill were shown by such firms as Messrs. Nelson, Tuck, Collins, and Dean in producing children's picture books, and the quarto books issued by the Religious Tract Society of the old favourites, "Christie's Old Organ" and "Jessica's First Prayer," were readily disposed of.

In 6s. novels "Barlasch of the Guard" still held the first place, and others closely following were "Place and Power," "The Long Night," "Mettle of the Pasture," "Our Lady's Inn," and "The Heart of Rome." Jerome's "Table Talk" sold well. The interest excited by the publication of Major Hume's book, entitled "The Love Affairs of Mary, Queen of Scots," was maintained, and Mr. Menpes' illustrated volume in charming colours, "The Durbar," had many admirers as a worthy record of the great gathering.

Sixpenny novels were still issued in large numbers, but the sales steadily declined, and the monthly magazines in most cases were much below those of the corresponding period last year.

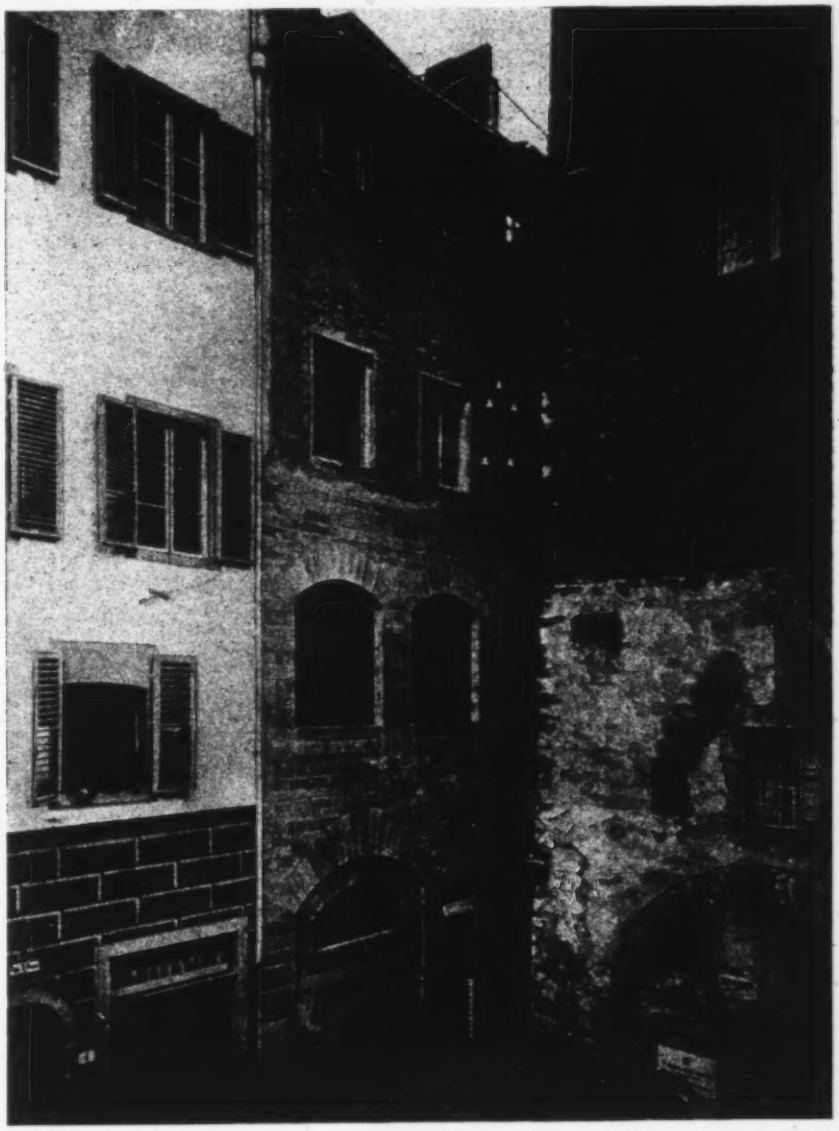

Photo by Alinari.

No. 2, Via Dante Alighieri, Florence.

The house in which Dante was born and lived until his banishment.

"A stairway ascends abruptly from the entrance. It is narrow, steep, and enclosed by walls on both sides. At the top a very small landing confronts you with only one turn, and that to the left through a passage only wide enough for one. The front room spans the entire width of the house, yet is a small room. It is lighted by two front windows, well guarded with inside and outside blinds and the typical lattice-work over the glass, giving the appearance of prison gratings."—"About Dante and his Beloved Florence," by F. F. Sanborn.

The following is our usual list of best selling books :—

Miscellaneous.

The Life of William Ewart Gladstone. By John Morley. 42s. net. (Macmillan.)

The Five Nations. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Durbar. By Mortimer Menpes. 20s. net. (Black.)
Life of Cobden. By John Morley. 2s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)
Love Affairs of Mary, Queen of Scots. By Major Hume. 12s. 6d. (Nash.)
Imperial Reciprocity. 6d. *(Daily Telegraph.)*
Representative Men of the Bible. 2nd series. By Dr. Matheson. 6s. (Hodder.)
Crabbe. (English Men of Letters Series.) 2s. net. (Macmillan.)
Mr. Chamberlain: His Life and Public Career. By S. H. Jeyes. 16s. net. (Sands.)
R. L. Stevenson's Works. Thin paper editions. 2s. and 3s. (Cassell.)
Jerome's Tea-Table Talk. 2s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
Phil May Sketches from *Punch*. 2s. 6d. net. (Bradbury.)
Phil May Medley. 1s. (*Graphic* office.)

Six Shilling Novels.

Barlasch of the Guard. By H. S. Merriman. (Smith, Elder.)
Place and Power. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. (Hutchinson.)
Maids of Paradise. By R. W. Chambers. (Constable.)
Strawberry Leaves. By A. Leaf. (Nash.)
The Long Night. By Stanley Weyman. (Longmans.)
Our Lady's Inn. By J. S. Clouston. (Blackwood.)
Passage Perilous. By R. N. Carey. (Macmillan.)
Pigs in Clover. By Frank Danby. (Heinemann.)
Call of the Wild. By Jack London. (Heinemann.)
Mettle of the Pasture. By J. L. Allen. (Macmillan.)
Heart of Rome. By F. M. Crawford. (Macmillan.)

The Booksellers' Diary.

NOVEMBER.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

November 5th.

SYRETT, NETTA.—The Magic City. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. (Lawrence and Bullen)
ALLANSON-WINN, R. G., AND C. E. WALKER.—Self-Defence, 3s. 6d. ..... (Lawrence and Bullen)

November 6th.

BRERETON, AUSTIN.—The Lyceum and Henry Irving, 21s. net and 126s. net ..... (Lawrence and Bullen)
Grimm's Fairy Tales, 1s. 6d. ..... (Walter Scott Co.)
RENTOUL, DR. R. R.—Proposed Sterilization of Certain Mental and Physical Degenerates, 2s. 6d. ..... (Walter Scott Co.)
WEBB-PEPLOE, REV. H. W.—Remarkable Letters of St. Paul, 1s. net ..... (Marshall Bros.)
BROOKE, REV. HUBERT.—"Four Square," 1s. net (Marshall Bros.)
Pomiuk: A Prince of Labrador, 2s. 6d. ..... (Marshall Bros.)
GRANT, REV. C.—School Life: Sermons for Schoolboys. 2s. 6d. (Marshall Bros.)

November 7th.

Louis Wain's Ch istmas Annual, 1s. ..... (Hutchinson)

November 9th.

PLOWDEN, A. C.—Grain or Chaff, 16s. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)
COX, HAROLD (Editor).—British Industries under Free Trade, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
JOHNSTON, SIR HENRY, G.C.M.G., etc.—British Mammals. The Woburn Library. 12s. 6d. net ..... (Hutchinson)
FARROW, G. E.—Absurd Ditties. Illustrated by J. Hassall. 5s. (Routledge)
WHISHAW, FRED.—The Yellow Satchel, 3s. 6d. ..... (Routledge)
GOULD, NAT.—The Roar of the Ring, 6d. ..... (Routledge)
GOULD, NAT.—Racecourse and Battlefield, 6d. ..... (Routledge)
GOETHE, AND SCHILLER.—Works. Translated by the best hands. 24 Vols. 216s. net ..... (Routledge)
CARILLO, DR.—Cancer: Its Cause and Cure, 5s. (Sonnenschein)
HARBOTTLE, T. B.—Dictionary of Historical Allusions, 7s. 6d. (Sonnenschein)
MORGAN, PROF. C. LLOYD.—An Introduction to Comparative Psychology. Entirely Revised Edition. 6s. (Walter Scott Co.)
HUTCHISON, W. G. (Translator).—Renan's Marcus Aurelius, 1s. 6d. ..... (Walter Scott Co.)
ABDY-WILLIAMS, C. F., M.A.—Story of the Organ, 3s. 6d. net (Walter Scott Co.)
WINDSOR, LORD.—John Constable, R.A., 3s. 6d. net (Walter Scott Co.)
DE PLAUZOLES, DR. S.—Consumption: Its Nature, Causes, Prevention, and Cure, 1s. ..... (Walter Scott Co.)
TROTTER, MRS. A. P.—Old Cape Colony. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net ..... (Constable)
HENNELL, COL. SIR REGINALD, KT., D.S.O.—The History of the King's Bodyguard of the Yeoman of the Guard. Illustrated. 63s. net ..... (Constable)
WHITE, GLEESON.—English Illustration in the Sixties. Illustrated. New Edition. 31s. 6d. net ..... (Constable)

November 10th.

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XUM

The Reader.

DANTE ALIGHIERI (1265-1321).

By JOHN S. CARROLL,

Author of "Exiles of Eternity: An Exposition of Dante's 'Inferno.'"

Dante, pacer of the shore
Where glutted hell disgorgeth filthiest gloom,
Unbitten by its whirring sulphur-spume—
Or whence the grieved and obscure waters slope
Into a darkness quieted by hope;
Plucker of amaranths grown beneath God's eye
In gracious twilights where his chosen lie.
—Browning's "Sordello."

THERE is at the present moment a great revival of interest in Dante studies, yet many readers find it extremely difficult to gratify their curiosity concerning the great Florentine. The reasons are chiefly two. In the first place, the intensely mystical imagination of the poet himself, which surrounds the commonest events of his life with a halo of symbolic light, through which it is far from easy to see the facts. In the second place, the growth around his life and times of the troublesome parasites known as the "higher critics"—for Dante has a higher criticism as well as Scripture. Scartazzini, one of the ablest of them, resolves much that used to be regarded as historical into romance and myth, and declares that "a complete biography of the poet, free from gaps and properly rounded off, cannot be written in the existing state of scientific research." This, however, need not greatly alarm us; when all deductions are made, the main outlines of the life are clear enough, and nothing more can be attempted in the space at our disposal.

(Reproduced from Kraus's "Dante, sein Leben und sein Werk," by kind permission of the G. Grote'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung, Berlin.)

Dante Alighieri, from the Codex Palatinus, 320.

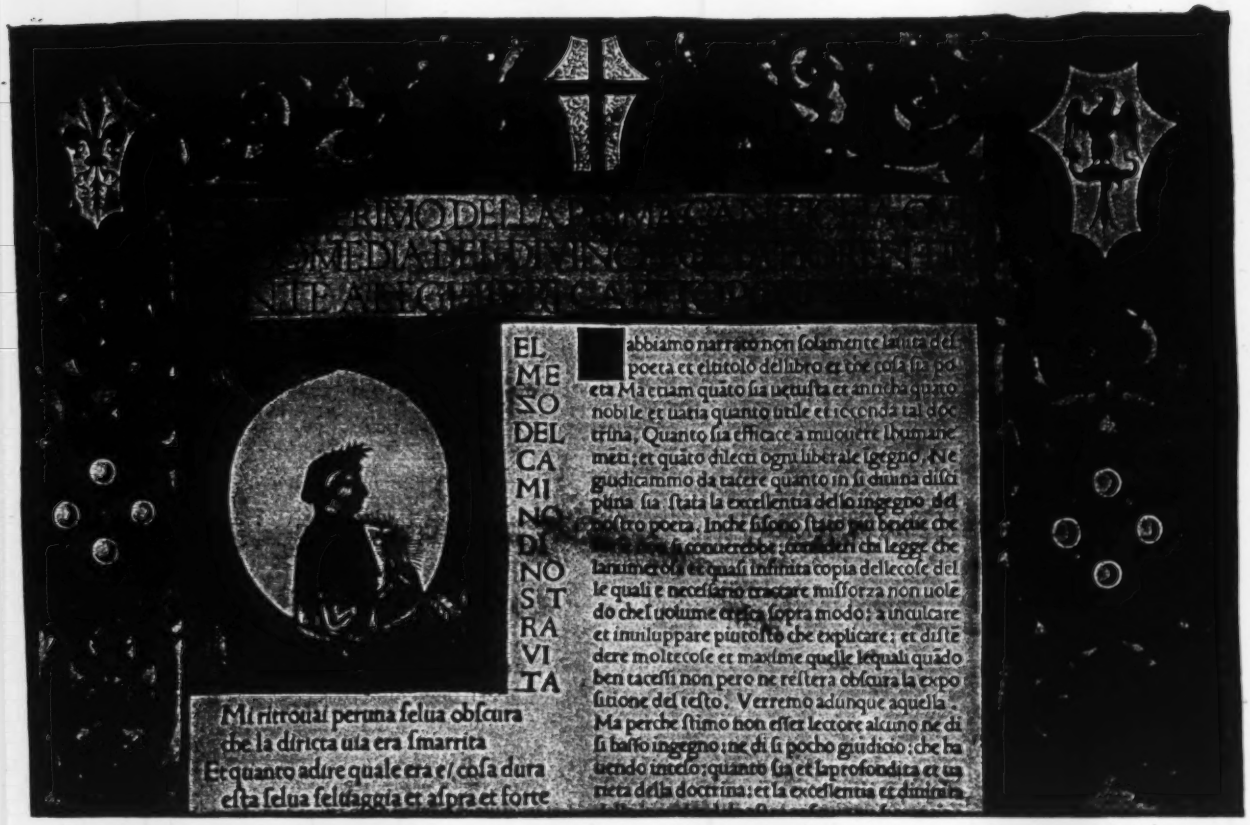
The most important portrait of Dante extant is, according to Kraus, the so-called miniature contained in the Codex Palatinus, 320, in the National Library at Florence. The MS. may date from the fourteenth century. Kraus evidently thinks the miniature the production, or a copy of the production, of someone who knew Dante. . . The miniature seems to him to portray Dante at about the age of forty.—Note on the portraits of Dante by G. R. Carpenter.

Birth and Family.

Dante—or in its full form Durante, Enduring—was born in Florence in the month of May, 1265. The exact day is uncertain, but the 30th has been conjectured as being the *festa* of Lucia, his patron saint. Of his ancestors almost nothing is known beyond what he himself tells us. His father, who is said t have been a notary of Florence, is never once named by him. He was twice married, and Dante was the son of his first wife, Bella, of whose family nothing whatever seems to be certainly known. A single line in the "Commedia" is her only memorial. When Dante in the Fifth Circle of Hell ordered away one of the sinners of the Stygian Fen, Virgil, his guide, caught him in his arms and cried:

"Indignant soul!
Blessed be she that bore thee in her bosom."
—(Inf. viii. 44-5)

His silence may be due to his having lost both parents in childhood. His imagination seems to have gone back instinctively to


EL
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abbiamo narrato non solamente la mate
poeta et el titolo del libro et che cosa sia po
eta Ma etiam quato sia uetusta et anticha quato
nobile et utile quanto utile et iocondà tal doc
trina, Quanto sia efficace a muouere lhumane
meti; et quato dilecti ogni liberale ingegno. Ne
giudicammo da tacere quanto in si diuina disci
plina sia stata la excellentia dello ingegno del
nostro poeta. Inche bisogno stato piu brieue che
fosse stata si conuenebbe: considerati che legge che
la numerosa et quasi infinita copia delle cose del
le quali e necessario tractare mi sforza non uole
do che uolume cresca sopra modo: a inculcare
et inuiluppare piu tosto che explicare: et dis
dere molte cose et maxime quelle lequali quado
ben tacessi non pero ne resterà obscura la expo
sitione del testo. Verremo adunque alla
Ma perche stimo non esser lectore alcuno ne di
si basso ingegno: ne di si poco giudicio: che ha
uendo inteso: quanto sia et la profondita et ua
rieta della doctrina: et la excellentia et dignita
Mi ritrouai per una selua obscura
che la diricta uia era smarrita
Ex quanto adire quale era e cosa dura
esta selua seluaggia et aspra et forte

(Reproduced from Kraus's " Dante, sein Leben und sein Werk," by kind permission of the G. Grote'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung, Berlin.)

The Title Page of the first Florentine Edition of the "Divina Commedia," 1481.

The form of the poem is triple, the three divisions corresponding with the three kingdoms of the next world—Hell, Purgatory, Paradise. Each division, or Cantica, contains thirty-three Cantos, perhaps with a reference to the years of Christ's life upon earth, while the triple form of verse may be regarded as symbolical of the Trinity. The opening Canto of the *Inferno* forms an introduction to the whole poem, which thus contains 100 Cantos, the square of the perfect number ten. . . The known manuscripts number between five and six hundred. None of these dates earlier than fourteen or fifteen years after Dante's death, of whose original manuscript not a trace has yet been discovered. Of printed editions there are between three and four hundred. The earliest, probably, is that printed at Foligno in 1472, in which year editions appeared also at Mantua and at Jesi. Two editions were printed at Naples shortly after, one in 1474, the other in 1477. A Venetian edition appeared also in 1477, a Milanese in 1477-78, and a second Venetian in 1478. The first Florentine edition (with the commentary of Cristoforo Landino) did not appear until 1481.—Paget Toynbee.

the heroic deeds of his great-great-grandfather, Cacciaguida. He tells us how he met him in the Heaven of Mars, and even there in Paradise could not restrain a thrill of pride for "our poor nobility of blood." This Cacciaguida had joined the Emperor Conrad III. in the disastrous Second Crusade, been knighted for his noble deeds, and finally died for Holy Land. He tells Dante among other things that his wife came from the Valley of the Po, and that it was from her his surname was derived. She is supposed to have been one of the Alighieri or Aldighieri of Ferrara; and many derivations of this name have been suggested. One is so interesting that one wishes it were true: it is, writes Federn, "a German name, and most probably derived from 'Aldiger,' which has about the same significance as the word 'Shakespeare,' meaning 'the ruler of the spear.'" When Dante asks for further information of his ancestors, Cacciaguida declines to give it:

> "Suffice it of my forbears to hear this;
> Who they were, and whence they hither came,
> Silence is more honourable than speech."
> —(Par. xvi. 43-5.)

There is no ground for supposing that Dante is silent through shame of his ancestors; the reason is that pride of blood is out of place in Heaven. Cacciaguida tells him that for this same sin of pride his own son, Alighiero, had been circling the First Terrace of Mount Purgatory for more than a hundred years; and Beatrice, his guide through Paradise, when she saw how Dante gloried in his heroic forefather, gave him a warning smile and cough. Perhaps we need not be more curious about his ancestors than Dante was himself.

Beatrice and "The Vita Nuova."

Without doubt, the decisive event in Dante's life was his meeting with Beatrice. The story is told in his first work, "The New Life," perhaps the most beautiful romance of pure ideal love ever written. They were both in their ninth year when he met her for the first time, clad in a dress "of a most noble colour, a subdued and goodly crimson"—the very colour of love. "At that moment, I say most truly that the spirit of life, which hath its dwelling in the secretest chamber of the heart, began to tremble so violently that the least pulses of my body shook therewith; and in trembling it said these words: '*Behold a god stronger than I, who coming shall rule over me.*'" It was nine years later when he met her in the street, and for the first time received her salutation, which threw him into a dream of terror and of joy which he narrates in his first sonnet. From this time the story moves on through a series of dreams which hover in some dim twilight that lies between two worlds—sad presentiments of the passing away of Beatrice in death. It is one of these visions which suggested to Rossetti his great picture, "Dante's Dream": "Then my heart that was so full of love said unto me: 'It is true that our lady lieth dead;' and it seemed to me that I went to look upon the body wherein that blessed and most noble spirit had had its abiding-place. And so strong was this idle imagining, that it made me to behold my lady in death; whose head cer-

From the Fresco by Giotto at Assisi.

The Triumph of Chastity.

According to some authorities, Dante is supposed to have belonged for a time to the Franciscan Order, but the tradition rests entirely upon circumstantial evidence, based chiefly on various references in the Divina Commedia. This evidence is strengthened by Giotto's fresco, in which the figure on the extreme left is said to represent Dante appearing before St. Francis as a candidate for admission to the Brotherhood.

"Note the singularly Dantesque symbolism of those frescoes, the Tower of Chastity with her true servants driving off the blind Cupid with his arrows, emblem of sensual love, into the abyss, and two figures approaching (on the left-hand side of the painting) as the last-arrived novices, in one of which, if I mistake not, we may find the familiar form, features, but slightly aged, and head-dress which we see in the Bargello portrait, the wedding of the Saint with Poverty . . . . and the conclusion is, I think, legitimate, as far as any conclusion from circumstantial evidence can be, that there was some link closely connecting one period of Dante's life with the influence of the Franciscan Order."—"The Life of Dante," by E. H. Plumptre, D.D. (Isbister.)

tain ladies seemed to be covering with a white veil; and who was so humble of her aspect that it was as though she had said, 'I have attained to look on the beginning of peace.'" Soon the vision was fulfilled. A canzone which he was writing in her praise is suddenly broken off with the opening words of the Lamentations of Jeremiah: "*How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people!*" "The Lord God of justice called my most gracious lady unto Himself, that she might be glorious under the banner of that blessed Queen Mary, whose name had always a deep reverence in the words of holy Beatrice."

It is impossible to enter into the problem of the identity of Beatrice; each reader will decide according to the general conception which he forms of Dante and his works. The idea, however, that she was a mere spiritual abstraction is quite inconsistent with the poet's genius. However much he might allegorize, it lay in the nature of his mind to start from some concrete and literal fact. Tradition from a very early time has identified her with Beatrice Portinari, who married Simone de' Bardi, and died on June 8th, 1290, at the age of twenty-four. Whether it was this lady or another, Dante's intensely mystical imagination invested her from the very first with mysterious symbolic meanings and correspondences, until in the end she became idealized and transfigured into that Divine Wisdom which, in the "Paradiso," conducts him to the final Beatific Vision. One thing is certain, that without her the "Divina Commedia" would never have been written, as the closing words of the "Vita Nuova" plainly imply: "After writing this sonnet, it was given unto me to behold a very wonderful vision: wherein I saw things which determined me that I would say nothing further of this most blessed one, until such time as I could discourse more worthily concerning her. And to this end I labour all I can; as she well knoweth. Wherefore if it be His pleasure through whom is the life of all things, that my life continue with me a few years, it is my hope that I shall yet write concerning her what hath not before been written of any woman. After the which, may it seem good unto Him who is the Master of Grace, that my spirit should go hence to behold the glory of its lady: to wit, of that blessed Beatrice who now gazeth continually on His countenance, *qui est per omnia sæcula benedictus. Laus Deo.*" There can be little doubt that the "Commedia" is the fulfilment of this resolve.

Dante's Education.

The education of Dante is involved in a mystery almost as great as Beatrice. His writings are a perfect mine of mediæval learning. "He anticipated," says Hettinger, himself a Roman Catholic Professor of Theology, "the most pregnant developments of Catholic doctrine, mastered its subtlest distinctions, and treated its hardest problems with almost faultless accuracy. Were all the libraries in the world destroyed, and the Holy Scriptures with them, the whole Catholic system of doctrine and morals might be almost reconstructed out of the 'Divina Commedia.'" How this vast know-

ledge was acquired is virtually unknown. Plumptre supposes that Dante, after the custom of boys in the Middle Ages, went forth to see the world, wandering from university to university in search of knowledge. He constructs a romance of "the student's *wanderjahre*," in which the young Florentine visits the universities of Bologna, Padua, Paris, and even Oxford. The view once almost universally held that his tutor was Brunetto Latini, Secretary to the Florentine Government, is now generally abandoned; although it is obvious from Dante's warm gratitude that he owed much to Brunetto's kind and fatherly guidance and encouragement. A third view has much in its favour, namely, that Dante was, to all intents and purposes, a self-taught man. In his youth he had received a good education, as the "Vita Nuova" shows; but up to his twenty-fifth year he had attended no university. It was only after the death of Beatrice—partly to prepare himself for writing some great work in her praise, and partly to conquer his grief—that he threw himself seriously into the study of science and philosophy. This seems to be his own account in the "Convito" or "Banquet." To console himself, he says, he read Boethius' "On the Consolation of Philosophy" and Cicero's "On Friendship." "And," he goes on, "just as if a man should go about looking for silver, and apart from his purpose should find gold, so I, who sought to console myself, found not only a remedy for my tears, but sayings of authors, and of sciences, and of books; considering which, I soon decided that Philosophy, who was the sovereign lady of these authors, these sciences, and these books, was the supreme thing. And I imagined her as a noble lady; and I could not imagine her as other than merciful; wherefore so willingly did my sense of Truth behold her that it could scarcely be diverted from her. And on account of this imagination I began to go where she in truth showed herself, that is, *in the schools of the religious and the disputations of the philosophers;* so that, in a little while, perhaps thirty months, I began to be so deeply aware of her sweetness, that the love of her banished and destroyed every other thought." In addition to this, his contemporary and neighbour in Florence, Giovanni Villani, says that after his banishment, "he went to study at Bologna, and afterwards at Paris, and in many parts of the world;" but doubtless Scartazzini is not far wrong in supposing that the necessity of earning his bread made him frequent the universities no less as teacher than as student. However he gained his vast learning, he speaks of himself as a mere *dilettante*, a "picker-up of learning's crumbs": "I who do not sit at the blessed table (*i.e.*, where wisdom, 'the bread of angels,' is dispensed), but have fled from the pasture of the herd, and at the feet of them who are seated there, gather up what they let fall."

A Portrait of Dante in the Laurentian Library, Florence.

(Reproduced from Professor Berthier's Edition of Dante's "Divina Commedia.")

Photo by W. A. Mansell and Co.

Dante and Virgil at the Gate of Hell.

From the Engraving of a design after Sandro Botticelli in the Florentine Edition of the "Divina Commedia," 1481.

"Through me men pass to city of great woe,
Through me men pass to endless misery,
Through me men pass where all the lost ones go.
Justice it was that moved my Maker high,
The power of God it was that fashioned me,
Wisdom supreme and primal Charity.
Before me nothing was of things that be,
Save the eterne, and I eterne endure:
Ye that pass in, all hope abandon ye."
—Inscription on the Gate of Hell.
Plumptre's Translation. (Isbister.)

Marriage and Public Life.

The death of Beatrice was obviously a critical turning-point in Dante's moral life. There are passages in the "Commedia" to which it seems almost impossible to

give any meaning except on the supposition that they refer to a certain moral deterioration in his own personal character. It may have been on this account that his friends, if Boccaccio is to be believed, arranged his marriage with Gemma Donati, some time between 1291 and 1296. Of this lady little is known beyond that she was a kinswoman of the haughty and ambitious Corso Donati, to whom Dante owed his banishment; that she bore Dante at least four children—two sons, Pietro and Jacopo, and two daughters, Antonia and Beatrice; and that she did not join her husband in his exile. From this last fact Boccaccio has given currency to the rumour that the marriage was an unhappy one, and that Gemma was a veritable Xanthippe, but there is no definite proof of this. Probably she did not understand and appreciate her husband's genius, but this is a defect which she shared with the rest of the world. It is true, Dante never mentions her in his writings, nor did she join him in his exile. The homeless man had enough to do to support himself, and it was mere prudence for his wife to remain in Florence and provide for herself and their children out of the revenues of her dowry—meagrely enough, as Boccaccio admits, for she had to betake herself to "unaccustomed toil." In this struggle surely she had the sympathy and approval of her husband; and if she had not, we may well spare from the transfigured and glorified Beatrice one pitying thought for the lonely wife, "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung."

Dreamer, poet, and student as he was, Dante yet took the keenest interest in the public affairs of his time and city. At the age of twenty-four he is believed to have fought in the front ranks at the battle of Campaldino in 1289, when the Florentine Guelphs, to which party his family belonged, inflicted a severe defeat on the Ghibellines of Arezzo. A passage in the "Inferno" (xxi., 94-96) tells us that he was present at the siege and surrender of the castle of Caprona, near Pisa, in the same year.

In 1295 or 1296 he enrolled himself as *poeta Fiorentino* in the Guild of Physicians and Apothecaries—this being the necessary preliminary to his taking any part in the government of the city. In 1300 he went as ambassador to San Gemignano, in connection with the election of a Captain of the Guelph League of Tuscany. In the same year he was chosen one of the six Priors of Florence, his term of office running from June 15th to August 15th. "All my ills and all my troubles," he writes, "had their beginning and origin from my unlucky election as Prior." It is impossible to understand how his exile came about without remembering the wild and confused entanglement of Italian politics in his day. The names of the two great parties, Guelph and Ghibelline, had their origin in a feud between two German houses, and when they spread to Italy, Guelph meant an adherent of the Pope, and Ghibelline of the Emperor. But this struggle between the temporal and spiritual powers had fallen in Dante's day into a secondary place; and the old party names covered every variety of faction and civil discord. The state of every city in Italy was inconceivably wretched. The great families built towers to fight one another. War and outrage swept the streets. Each party as it gained the mastery, banished its enemies and confiscated their property. As if to increase the horror of this suicidal struggle, a new faction was added to Florence in the very year Dante was elected Prior—the Bianchi and Neri, Whites and Blacks, which sprang from a family feud in the neighbouring city of Pistoja. The city was divided into Black Guelphs and White; and the strife grew so fierce that Dante and his fellow-Priors had to banish impartially the leaders of both sides. The Blacks appealed to Pope Boniface VIII., who sent Charles of Valois as "peacemaker" to Florence. Dante and the other White Guelphs were fiercely opposed to his entrance, and it is said that the poet was one of the ambassadors sent to Rome to protest against it; and Boccaccio tells the well-known story that, when his name was proposed, Dante exclaimed: "If I go, who remains? and if I remain, who goes?"—as if he felt himself to be the only man in Florence. The embassy

Photo by Brogi. **Dante Alighieri.**

From a Sketch made by Seymour Kirkup of the Painting ascribed to Giotto, previous to restoration.

At the time when the palace of the Podestà in Florence was turned into a common jail, the walls, which were adorned with beautiful paintings, were plastered with white-wash, and the fresco of Giotto was hidden. Researches were made in 1848 and the picture uncovered. Unfortunately, the eye of the beautiful profile was wanting, being injured in the process of removing the plaster.

"As Giotto painted him, he is the lover of Beatrice, the gay companion of princes, the friend of poets, and himself already the most famous writer of love verses in Italy. . . It is the face of Dante in the May-time of youthful hope."—C. E. Norton's "Original Portraits of Dante."

From a Painting attributed to Raphael Sanzio. **Dante Alighieri.**

Mr. Morris Moore, into whose possession the portrait came in 1857, believed it to have been copied by Raphael from the Bargello Portrait. The face in the present portrait, however, is turned to the right; there is a laurel crown above the cap, and the cloak is fastened with two peculiarly shaped bows—three points of detail in which it differs from the Bargello portrait.—Notes by T. W. Koch.

(Reproduced from Professor Berthier's Edition of Dante's "Divina Commedia.")

was unsuccessful. On November 1st, 1301, Charles entered the city and treacherously admitted the Blacks. A scene of frightful slaughter and outrage followed. The Neri immediately took their revenge by banishing their enemies, and so prominent a man as Dante was naturally one of the victims. On January 27th, 1302, a decree of banishment was issued against him and four others. They are accused of "barratry," that is, corruption and malversation of public funds, opposition to the Pope and the entrance of Charles, and to the peace of Florence and the Guelph party. Their failure to appear when summoned by a herald is taken as an acknowledgment of guilt. They are sentenced to pay a fine of 5,000 gold florins each for contempt of court, and to restore the money they had embezzled within three days on pain of confiscation of their property; to suffer banishment from Tuscany for two years; and to have their names inscribed in the Statutes of the People as forgers and barrators who are excluded for ever from holding any public office under the Commune of Florence. On the 10th of March following, a further sentence condemned the five, along with ten others, to perpetual banishment, and, if caught on Florentine soil, to death by burning. Dante never set foot in Florence again.

Dante's Wanderings in Exile.

"From this time," says Lowell, "the life of Dante becomes semi-mythical," and it is impossible to trace his wanderings. According to a pathetic passage in the "Convito," he was in almost every part of Italy: "Since it pleased the citizens of the fairest and most famous daughter of Rome, Florence, to cast me forth from her most sweet bosom . . . through almost every part where her language is spoken I have wandered a pilgrim, almost a beggar, displaying against my will the wounds of fortune, which are often wont to be imputed unjustly to the wounded one himself. Truly have I been a vessel without sail or rudder, borne to divers ports and lands and shores by the dry wind which blows from dolorous poverty; and have appeared vile in the eyes of many who, perhaps, through some fame of me, had imagined me in other guise." Thus amply was his forefather Cacciaguida's prophecy fulfilled:

"Thou shalt abandon everything beloved
Most tenderly, and this the arrow is
Which first the bow of exile shooteth forth.
Thou shalt have proof how savoureth of salt
The bread of others, and how hard a road
The going down and up another's stairs."
—(Par. xvii. 55-60.)

At first, he joined the banished Ghibellines, but was soon forced to leave them and form "a party by himself." His first refuge, he tells us, was with "the great Lombard," Bartolommeo della Scala of Verona. After this it is almost pure guess-work — Bologna, Padua, the Casentino, Forlì, Lunigiana. For a time all trace of him in Italy is lost, and he is supposed to have been in Paris, whence he was recalled by the advent of Henry VII. of Luxemburg in Italy in September, 1310. For a moment Dante's hopes flashed forth into a blaze. Henry was the Messiah of his dreams of universal monarchy as set forth in his "De Monarchia." He wrote a violent letter to "the most infamous Florentines within the walls," summoning them to submit to their rightful lord. He remonstrated indignantly with the Emperor himself for wasting time at the siege of Cremona, when he should be striking at the root of rebellion in Florence. In two years his hopes were utterly blasted, for Henry lay dead at Buonconvento.

The Closing Years.

After Henry's death in 1313, Dante disappears almost entirely from public view, and we may conjecture that he was devoting himself to his great task of the "Commedia." Several new edicts had been launched against him; but in 1316 there seemed a prospect of his being allowed to return to Florence on condition of confessing his guilt, paying a fine, and performing a public penance. This, as an innocent man, he indignantly refused to do. "Can I not look upon the face of the sun and the stars everywhere? Can I not meditate anywhere under the heavens upon most sweet truths, unless I first render myself inglorious, nay, ignominious, to the people and state of Florence? Nor indeed will bread

be lacking." After a short visit to the court of the famous Can Grande of Verona, to whom the "Paradiso" is dedicated, he betook himself to his last earthly refuge. Guido Novello da Polenta, lord of Ravenna, invited him to become his guest; and there among the ruined glories of the old imperial city, and near "the pine wood on the shore of Chiassi," he spent in moderate comfort the closing years of his earthly pilgrimage. In 1321, Guido sent him on an embassy to Venice in connection with some dispute which had arisen between the two cities; and while returning through the marshes he caught fever, and died on September 14th, at the age of fifty-six.

So passed away Dante Alighieri, a man broken with every variety of sorrow, disappointment, and worldly failure, but never losing the lordship of his own soul. "He had suffered," says Karl Federn, "all ill chance that could fall to the lot of man. He loved and had lost his beloved one; his family life was unhappy; he was a statesman, and as such was unsuccessful; he saw his party defeated and driven from the land, and when the Emperor from whom he had expected the redemption of Italy and his own reinstatement, entered Italy with a victorious army, he saw him die. He had been full of the noblest intentions, yet men not only gave him no thanks, but had hunted him out, had branded his name with foul crimes and condemned him to death. He had lost his whole fortune; one of the proudest of men, he was forced continually to humble himself and to live on foreign alms; one of the greatest poets of all times, he saw himself neither understood nor honoured. His whole life was devoted to his native city, he clung to it with all his heart, and he passed twenty-two years longing in vain to return to it. A devout Catholic, full of reverence for his Church, he saw it degraded, governed by 'New Pharisees,' and at last fallen and dishonoured. Italy, whose unity was dear to him, he saw torn by the hatred of parties and cruelly devastated by war. A sea of wrong had passed over him, he saw a sea of wrong raging over the world in which he lived; wherever he turned his eyes everything was such as to drive him to despair, but he despaired not. He believed, and in spite of all, recognised the high harmony of the world. He had found the path for his soul, the work for his mind, by which he got rid of the weight which crushed him, and at the same time took his proud revenge on the men who had so maltreated him. In 'eternal letters of fire' he wrote his terrible judgment 'as lightning writes its cipher on the rocks' to be read by all posterity, that men might one day fix the balance between this one man on the one side and mankind on the other."

From a Portrait in the Uffizi. **Dante Alighieri.**

"Our poet was of middle stature, and had a long face and aquiline nose; jaws prominent, and the under-lip projecting, so that it was as much advanced as the upper; shoulders somewhat bent, and the eyes rather large than small; complexion dark, hair and beard thick, crisp, and black, and his countenance always sad and thoughtful." —Boccaccio.

Photo by Brogi.

"The Divina Commedia."

The "terrible judgment" is the "Divina Commedia," of which it is impossible to say much here. How Dante, in that distracted, homeless, wandering life of exile, was able to gather the vast stores of encyclopædic knowledge and to shape them into the ordered unity and symbolism of his great poem, must remain a mystery and a miracle. It would be vain to claim for it the prophetic vision which foresees and anticipates the great developments of history. On the contrary, it is the very essence of the Middle Ages, alike in their most brutal cruelty and in their loftiest aspirations, intellectual, moral, and spiritual. Yet in one sense it transcends its time and place. The great pilgrimage through the Invisible is that of the universal soul of Man, and it is this universal element which gives the poem its perennial interest. There is in it nothing arbitrary, unreal, or of "private interpretation." Well does Sydney Dobell call Dante

> "The great Florentine, who wove his web
> And thrust it into hell, and drew it forth
> Immortal, having burned all that could burn,
> And leaving only what shall still be found
> Untouched, nor with the smell of fire upon it,
> Under the final ashes of this world."

Whether it be the fierce blows of judgment on the lost, or the calm and ordered chastisement of the penitent, or the light and music and "choral starry dance" of the redeemed, his unfailing aim is to show us, from lowest Hell to highest Heaven, the inevitable working of uni-

From the original Painting by D. G. Rossetti in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool. **Dante's Dream.**

"It embodies Dante's dream on the day of the death of Beatrice, in which, with many portents and omens, he is led by Love himself to the bedside of the dead lady, and sees other ladies covering her with a veil as she lies in death. The scene is a chamber of dreams, where Beatrice is lying on a couch, recessed in the wall, as if just fallen back in death. The winged and glowing figure of Love leads by the hand Dante, who walks, unconscious but absorbed, as if in sleep. Love carries his arrow pointed at the dreamer's heart, and with the figurative apple-blossom too early plucked. Love bends over Beatrice and kisses her, as her lover has never done. Two dream ladies hold the pall, full of May-bloom, suspended for an instant before it covers her face for ever."—Description by the Artist.

"And when her I descried,
Ladies I saw her cov'ring with a veil.
Such true humility showed in her face;
It seemed she said, 'At last I am in peace.'
So meek was I, e'en in my sad despair,
Seeing such gentleness expressed there,
I called and said, 'O Death, I hold thee sweet.'"
—La Vita Nuova, Translation edited by Luigi Ricci.

(Reproduced by permission from the original painting in the possession of the Liverpool Corporation.)

versal moral and spiritual laws, which hold every soul of man in their hands. To feel their infinite range, it is absolutely necessary to read the poem as a whole. It is no more possible to know Dante by reading only the "Inferno," than to know a beautiful and noble city by crawling through its sewers underground. The story goes that the women of Verona used to point out the little dark figure as the man who had been in Hell; and unfortunately this is his reputation still. But he is equally the man who had been in Paradise; and no reader should rest until he has followed him to that highest Heaven where, for very weakness of mortal sight, the Beatific Vision breaks and fails, but, as it breaks, leaves the desire and will moved equally as is a wheel, by

"The Love that moves the sun and the other stars."

MR. MORLEY'S LIFE OF GLADSTONE.*

By Alexander Mackintosh.

"IT is true," admits Mr. Morley, "that what interests the world in Mr. Gladstone is even more what he was than what he did." Yet the three volumes which the English-speaking world is now reading are naturally, in the main, a record of what he said and did—a record of speeches, schemes, Cabinets, campaigns, Parliaments. Through these we see the man at whose feet sits a dignified, self-respecting Boswell. Even to Cabinet colleagues the great Liberal leader was "Mr. G.," and the biographer retains the respect inspired by the political chief. Other famous dead are mentioned sometimes without a prefix to their names, but Mr. Morley writes of his hero as he spoke of him in life. Thus he refers now and again to "Mr." Gladstone and Disraeli, "Mr." Gladstone and Cobden, or "Mr." Gladstone and Manning.

In copious extracts from diaries we obtain, perhaps, the best view of the man. His biographer does not, apart from these, parade many details of home life or intimate friendships. In table-talk which Mr. Gladstone had with Mr. Morley himself we find his opinions on certain men and books, but possibly some of those who wished to see how the hero looked and hear what he said when he unbent, for instance, during week-ends at Dollis Hill, may be disappointed by the dignified reticence of the biographer. On the other hand, many of the confidential letters which Mr. Gladstone wrote to his wife are quoted, and, as he said, he "told all to Catherine." Frank also are the letters to Queen Victoria's friend, the Duchess of Sutherland, who was the centre of a brilliant and powerful social circle, and regarding whom, when she died in 1868, Mr. Gladstone

* "The Life of William Ewart Gladstone." By John Morley. 3 vols. 42s. net. (Macmillan.)

From the Painting by Henry Holiday in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool. **Dante and Beatrice.**

Dante stands at the approach to a bridge across the Arno, leaning with his right hand upon the stone parapet, and pressing his left hand to his heart as Beatrice passes by accompanied by two ladies. In the background the Ponte Vecchio and the houses along the river bank stand out clearly. The pigeons in the foreground were painted by J. T. Nettleship.

"Within her eyes my lady carries love,
That beauty gives to all they contemplate;
Where'er she passes, men entrancèd wait,
And those she greets feel tender heartstrings move."
—La Vita Nuova, Translation edited by Luigi Ricci.

(Reproduced by permission from the original painting in the possession of the Liverpool Corporation.)

wrote, "I have lost in her the warmest and dearest friend, surely, that ever man had." So far as letters show, no one filled the Duchess's place in the last thirty years of his life.

Although the diaries are, as a rule, formal and scrappy, they show how this prodigious worker, "who had a fierce regard for the sanctity of time," passed his days, and they throw side-lights on great events and thrilling controversies. Many of the entries have a quaint simplicity worthy of Pepys. The proudest of men in face of the world was humble in his own room, and however clouded his speeches and letters might be, he was direct in his dealings with himself. Small matters are mixed with mighty. There is an entry in 1873 of a visit to Drury Lane Theatre: "Miss K. V. in the ballet, dressed in black and gold, danced marvellously." In a letter, many years earlier, to his wife he mentioned that he had been playing "commerce" at Windsor and had won 2s. 2d., "8d. of which was paid me by the Prince."

As a contribution to historical study, the book is most valuable. It touches nearly all the significant political events of the last seventy years, and in many cases lifts the heavy veil of Downing Street. Less may be hidden behind that veil than is sometimes supposed, but there are sufficient revelations to maintain the appetite of the sluggish reader. We learn how sincere and persistent Disraeli was in his overtures to Mr. Gladstone while the latter was hesitating between two parties; we see that the disagreements in the 1880-85 Cabinet were deeper and more constant, and that the Queen's manner to Mr. Gladstone in recent years was stiffer than the world suspected, and among lesser causes of surprise is the discovery that the Liberal leader, if he had been consulted on his final retirement as to his successor, would have advised the Sovereign to send for Earl Spencer. It is not, however, in isolated revelations that the historical value of the book lies, but in its sustained enlightenment. Aided by letters, diaries, and memoranda, Mr. Morley guides us through the late reign, and hard as it is for the politician to turn historian, he proves in his treatment of his theme a true man of letters.

On the spiritual side of Mr. Gladstone's life Mr. Morley writes with less authority than sympathy. It is impossible to accurately appreciate that life without realising the deep religious instinct by which Mr. Gladstone was influenced, even from the Oxford days when he felt the missionary impulse. In his early official career he enters in his diary: "Wordsworth came in to breakfast the other day before his time. I asked him to excuse me while I had my servant to prayers; but he expressed a *hearty* wish to be present, which was delightful." Would any young member of the Government of the present day—except, perhaps, Lord Salisbury or Lord Percy—make such an entry? The great work of religion, as Mr. Gladstone conceived it, was set out by him in a letter to his wife in 1844 while he was at the Board of Trade, and in his lofty sentences we see, with Mr. Morley, that "under all the agitated

From the Painting by P. Senno. **The Meeting of Dante and Virgil.**

Dante, having lost his way in a gloomy forest, and being hindered by certain wild beasts from ascending a mountain, is met by Virgil, who promises to show him the punishments of Hell, and afterwards of Purgatory; and that he shall then be conducted by Beatrice into Paradise. He follows the Roman poet.—*Inferno*, Canto I.

"While to the lower space with backward step
I fell, my ken discern'd the form of one
Whose voice seem'd faint through long disuse of speech.
When him in that great desert I espied,
'Have mercy on me,' cried I out aloud,
'Spirit! or living man! whate'er thou be.'"
—Cary's Translation.

(Reproduced from "La Divina Commedia," by kind permission of Messrs. Alinari.)

surface of a life of turmoil and contention, there flowed a deep composing stream of faith, obedience, and resignation."

One is not astonished to read that his biographer almost jumped up from his chair when the statesman in old age hinted he had never been much moved by ambition. That he had immense ambition, all the world believed, and the belief is justified bv the biography; but it was not a merely personal ambition, it was the ambition of a great and noble calling. Mr. Gladstone regarded self as inseparable from a lofty national purpose. This feeling is revealed in the record he made on the day that he returned to the House of Commons in 1880 as First Minister of the Crown. "I do believe," he wrote, "that the Almighty has employed me for His purposes in a manner larger or more special than before, and has strengthened me and led me on accordingly."

Many readers will hurry through the early chapters, if not the whole of the first volume. As a young man Gladstone was like other young men. He shared their recreations; he was not a prig; he even played billiards. Perhaps he was not precocious, but good fortune attended the opening of his life, and Peel gave him office when he was only twenty-five. At the age of twenty-nine he stood in the front rank of debaters, and he entered the Cabinet before he was thirty-four. Ten years later, by the Budget of 1853, he made his fame as an orator and a financier. Yet he did not reach the climax of his career till he was comparatively old. He was fifty-six when he became leader of the House, and he formed his first Government just as he was entering his sixtieth year. His popularity soared to the highest point about ten years later, when he made the platform a new force in national life, when people from the Hebrides came to hear him in Midlothian, and when tourists began to go on high pilgrimage to Hawarden. "In the noble arts of oratory he rose to be consummate."

The slow development of his political creed and career has been traced admirably. One wonders what would have been his history if Free Trade had not separated the Peelites from the main body of Conservatives, just as one speculates on what might have been Mr. Chamberlain's course if it had not been diverted by Home Rule. Italy seems to have had a great influence on Mr. Gladstone in drawing him into the stream of Liberalism; but for many years, while his opinions pointed to the party which he afterwards led, his lingering sympathies were with the Conservatives. "It was not until he had seen half a century of life on our planet, and more than a quarter of a century of life in the House of Commons, that it was at all certain whether he would be Conservative or Liberal." In 1855 he was "not ready to be in a Whig Government," and two years later communications continued between himself and Lord Derby, whom he met at "discreet dinners." It was only in 1859, at the age of fifty, when the Conservatives were defeated on the motion of the present Duke of Devonshire, that he joined the Liberals under Palmerston, and next year he took his name off the Carlton.

His distrust of Disraeli marked a large part of his career. Although he re-read some of them in his old

age, he never did justice to Disraeli's novels. He recognised his adversary's "gifts" just as, in the next generation, he recognised Mr. Chamberlain's, but he doubted the use to which they were devoted. Mr. Morley treats Disraeli with a sympathetic touch. Frequently Disraeli made civil approaches to Mr. Gladstone which were met with chilling courtesy, and while the latter was still hesitating between the two sides the former offered several times to give up the leadership of the Conservatives in the House of Commons to someone else, in order that Mr. Gladstone's return to the party under Lord Derby might be made easier. "Don't you think," he wrote in 1858, "the time has come when you might deign to be magnanimous?" Although capable of great magnanimity, Mr. Gladstone resisted Dizzy's blandishments. Perhaps the only cordial letters which passed between them were on the occasion of the illness and death of Lady Beaconsfield.

There has been no more brilliant or deadly political duel than that which was carried on for so many years between Disraeli and Gladstone, and which practically closed with the Conservative rout in 1880. Disraeli was staying alone in the historic halls of Hatfield when he received news of the disasters of the General Election, and, according to the eloquent words of Mr. Morley, he "faced the ruin of his Government, the end of his career, and the overwhelming triumph of his antagonist, with an unclouded serenity and a greatness of mind, worthy of a man who had known high fortunes and filled to the full the measure of his gifts and his ambitions." Some of us recall the stern, deeply moved face of Mr. Gladstone when he entered the House of Commons after the Easter of 1881 to pronounce a panegyric on his dead antagonist, and we can recall how he thrilled the House by that "masterpiece of grace and good feeling." It is interesting now to learn from his biographer that the speech cost him much searching of heart beforehand.

"Imperious" was an epithet often flung at Mr. Gladstone, and it was not always unjustified, but Mr. Morley shows that in dealing with colleagues his imperiousness was combined with deference. Although he enforced discipline more strictly than Mr. Balfour, his Cabinet manner was considerate. After his first Administration Lowe said: "I have the same kind of feeling towards him that I can suppose must be the feeling of a dog for his master." "It is quite extraordinary," remarked Lord Granville in 1883, "how he attends to the arguments of all." Indeed, there was a complaint that in his second Cabinet he too frequently allowed himself to be over-ruled.

The veil is drawn aside most completely by Mr. Morley from the Administration of 1880-85. Mr. Gladstone's diaries and memoranda, his letters to the Queen, communications to and from colleagues, provide remarkable material. There was no Administration more disappointing; but only now do we thoroughly appreciate the Prime Minister's difficulties. It was a quarrelsome Cabinet. It consisted of two wings, the Whig section under Lord Hartington, and the Radical section under Mr. Chamberlain. The private notes now published confirm popular impression as to Mr. Glad-

From a Drawing by Gustave Doré. **Dante and Virgil in Purgatory.**

Being admitted at the gate of Purgatory, the Poets ascend a winding path of rock, where approach the souls of those who expiate the sin of pride, and who are bent down beneath the weight of heavy stones. Dante, knowing his own pride, bends in sympathy with them.—*Purgatory*, Canto X.

"Each, as his back was laden, came indeed
Or more or less contracted; and it seem'd
As he, who show'd most patience in his look,
Wailing exclaim'd: 'I can endure no more.'"
—Cary's Translation.

(Reproduced from Dante's "Divine Comedy," by kind permission of Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

From the Painting by Delacroix in the Louvre.

Dante and Virgil.

Dante and Virgil descend into the fifth circle of Hell, where they find the wrathful and gloomy tormented in the Stygian Lake. They are conveyed across the water by Phlegyas the ferryman.—*Inferno*, Cantos VII. and VIII.

"Now seest thou, son!
The souls of those, whom anger overcame.
This too for certain know, that underneath
The water dwells a multitude, whose sighs
Into these bubbles make the surface heave,
As thine eye tells thee wheresoe'er it turn.
Fix'd in the slime, they say: 'Sad once were we,
'In the sweet air made gladsome by the sun,
'Carrying a foul and lazy mist within:
'Now in these murky settlings are we sad.'
Such dolorous strain they gurgle in their throats,
But word distinct can utter none."
—Cary's Translation.

Rischgitz Collection.

stone's reluctance to admit any of the Radical leaders in 1880. Sir Charles Dilke's refusal to serve unless either himself or Mr. Chamberlain were in the Cabinet was regarded by him as "an unprecedented enormity." However, as the years went on he was frequently in sympathy with the Radical section rather than with the other. Differences became unendurable in 1885. In a single month nine members appeared to contemplate resignation. Of one meeting Mr. Gladstone said playfully to a colleague: "A very fair Cabinet to-day; only three resignations." On May 15th he records in his diary, "Cabinet again stiff, but I must not lose heart." Heroic old man!

Lord Hartington, now the Duke of Devonshire, is treated by Mr. Morley with great respect. The friendship between the Cavendishes and Mr. Gladstone was, indeed, very true. Never in my recollection has the present Duke spoken with finer feeling than when he reproached and rebuked Mr. W. E. Forster for his attacks on the Liberal chief, and never has a Prime Minister had a more devoted colleague and champion than Lord Frederick Cavendish. Mr. Morley shows that when Lord Hartington accepted the Liberal leadership in 1875 he was "strongly encouraged against his own inclinations by Mr. Gladstone." The revelations now made prove also beyond doubt that he recognised his former chief as the only possible Prime Minister in 1880, that he made no effort to form a Government of his own, but made an inquiry as to Mr. Gladstone's disposition merely to satisfy the Queen, and that he desired to work faithfully under him. It is also evident that in 1885, notwithstanding conflicts in the Cabinet, Mr. Gladstone regarded Lord Hartington as his successor.

From a Fresco painted by Domenico di Michelino in 1465 on the wall of the Duomo at Florence.

Dante and his Poem.

The painting shows the three divisions of the "Commedia." Dante points to the Gate of Hell with his right hand; Mount Purgatory rises in the background; the spheres of Paradise appear in the sky above. In his left hand is his poem, open at the first verses. As an exile, he stands outside Florence, which is seen on the right of the picture. *Photo by Alinari.*

Many eager readers of the biography will turn first to the index and look for the name of Chamberlain. They will be curious to find Mr. Gladstone's opinion of that remarkable politician. There is, however, considerable reserve on the subject. Mr. Morley remarks that Mr. Chamberlain "has always had his full share of the virtues of staunch friendship." There has been a staunch friendship between themselves, and probably the biographer has spared the feelings of his former

colleague by withholding any sharp censure which he may have found in the archives of Hawarden. It appears that Mr. Gladstone's forbearance was tried in 1883 by Mr. Chamberlain's "unlimited liberty of speech" while a member of his Government, and that in the beginning of 1885 his attention was drawn from Windsor to the same statesman's Radical utterances, but it is recorded that "he showed complete freedom from personal irritation. Like the lofty-minded man he was, he imputed no low motives to a colleague because the colleague gave him trouble." Writing to Lord Acton in 1887, Mr. Gladstone said vaguely that Mr. Chamberlain's "character is remarkable, as are in a very high degree his talents." A less ambiguous statement from one who knew him so well would have been greatly appreciated by readers.

The pathos of the Home Rule struggle is finely revealed. It is proved now beyond all doubt that Mr. Gladstone's conversion was not sudden. A plan of a Central Board for all Ireland, which had been made known to Mr. Gladstone by Mr. Chamberlain, was considered by the Cabinet in 1885, but finally was defeated on May 9th. As the Cabinet broke up the Prime Minister said to one colleague, "Ah, they will rue this day," and to another, "Within six years, if it please God to spare their lives, they will be repenting in sackcloth and ashes." A more remarkable prophecy was made by a Liberal member after Lord Salisbury's stop-gap Government was defeated in January, 1886. "Well, we are out and you are in," said Lord Randolph Churchill. "I suppose so," the Liberal replied; "we are in for six months; we dissolve; you are in for six years." In those brief six months Mr. Gladstone made a heroic struggle, but on the night of the defeat of the Home Rule Bill he seemed—says Mr. Morley—to bend under the crushing weight of the burden that he had taken up. How he rallied and fought again seven years later, all the world knows. In the end—to quote Mr. Morley's favourite Biblical phrase—"the sons of Zeruiah were too hard for him." When the Lords had not only thrown out his second Home Rule Bill, but destroyed two other measures, he thought there was now a decisive case against them, but when he wrote from Biarritz to his colleagues suggesting a dissolution, he received a hopelessly adverse reply. So he came home and closed his last Cabinet with a "God bless you all."

To find out who were Mr. Gladstone's political friends in recent times, one scans the pages of the three volumes. Probably he had no friends so close and confidential as those of his earlier career, Lord Aberdeen and Sir James Graham. When he came into office in 1880 Lord Granville and the Duke of Argyll were among the most intimate. The Duke left him early, but remained a friend. This was the case also with Mr. John Bright. Who that saw the sight can ever forget the picture of the two veterans on the Treasury Bench—Bright's noble head and the eager glaring face of Gladstone? "Dear old John Bright," the latter called him on one occasion. In a letter dated 1883 the Liberal chief acknowledged Sir William Harcourt's instincts of kindliness in all personal matters. He held Sir Henry, now Lord James, in a "peculiarly warm regard." When he came to form his third Ministry in 1886, Lord Spencer and Lord Granville were, as he acknowledged, his "main supports." Mr. John Morley at that time entered into his life. The intimacy grew, and while old friends

From the Painting by G. F. Watts, R.A.

Paolo and Francesca.

In the second circle of Hell, Dante meets Francesca of Rimini, through pity at whose sad tale he falls fainting to the ground.—*Inferno*, Canto V.

"Love, which the gentle heart learns quick to know,
Seized him thou seest, for the presence fair
They robbed me of—the mode still deepens woe.
Love, who doth none beloved from loving spare,
Seized me for him with might that such joy bred,
That, as thou seest, it leaves me not e'en here,
Love to one death our steps together led;
Caina him who quenched our life doth wait."
—Plumptre's Translation. (Isbister.)

Photo by Hollyer.

passed away, Mr. Gladstone relied more and more on the man of letters who sympathised with him so thoroughly in his Irish policy. In his diary, on October 6th, 1892, while Prime Minister for the fourth time, he makes a note, which his biographer reproduces apologetically, recording that J. Morley is "on the whole about the best stay I have." His regard for Lord Rosebery is shown on several occasions. The noble lord and Mr. Morley were the last persons beyond his own household to see him.

A tragic note is given to the book by the revelation of Mr. Gladstone's relations with the Queen. He was so devoted to the Throne, and was at heart, although not in manner, so true a courtier, that he attached supreme importance to the approval of the Sovereign; and at the close of his service he knew he had failed in this respect. Yet he began well. The Queen was frank and friendly while he served under Peel, Aberdeen, and Palmerston. She was greatly touched by his sympathy on the death of the Prince Consort, and "kept my hand for a moment." If the Prince had survived, Mr. Morley thinks certain jars might have been avoided. Various causes are suggested for the "reserve" which sprung up and which pained the proud servant of the crown. The Queen disliked enthusiasm in politics; she was irritated by some of the measures of his first Government, and she resented his efforts to draw her out of her seclusion at Balmoral. Her Majesty's displeasure grew during his second Administration, and culminated in the angry telegram which, after the fall of Khartoum, she sent to Lord Hartington as well as to Mr. Gladstone—a telegram not in cypher, as usual, but open. It is sad, although not altogether surprising, to learn that the attitude of the Queen towards the Liberal Minister became that of "armed neutrality." When he resigned office in August, 1886, her single personal remark was that he "would require some rest," and when he gave up the seals for the last time in 1894, "the only material feature of the conversation was negative." Very pathetic is the record of Mr. Gladstone's last meeting with the Queen. The meeting took place at Cimiez. "She gave me her hand," he humbly said—"a thing which is, I apprehend, rather rare with men, and which had never happened with me during all my life."

For its careful execution, its good taste, and its sound judgment, the "Life of Gladstone" deserves the praise which Mr. Morley himself bestowed on Sir George Trevelyan's biography of Macaulay. If it has not the vivacity of Trevelyan's book, nor the glow of his own Burke, the reason may be found in the greatness of his subject and the vastness of his materials. Mr. Gladstone's interests were so manifold and his life so long that the task of his biographer was herculean. He has sifted and arranged his materials with such skill that they assist rather than impede the narrative. A wise discretion has been exercised in his abstaining from the reproduction of large passages of Mr. Gladstone's speeches. These speeches may be indispensable to the political student, but for the general reader they have not the same attraction as Burke's or Macaulay's. To appreciate them adequately, the question with which they dealt must be alive, the eye of the orator must be seen and his voice heard. Enough has been given to show what were the qualities which enabled Mr. Gladstone to obtain a mastery over his fellow-countrymen, and no less admirable than the symmetry and judgment of the book are the serenity and elevation of its tone. Although in the end he failed, Mr. Gladstone's achievements were almost incredibly great, and worthy of them is the record which has been made by the affection and genius of his last lieutenant.

TWO POETS—TWO PATRIOTISMS.*

By Y. Y.

IN gleaning into a little volume his patriotic effusions of the last few years, Mr. Watson, not a little to his advantage, has just been forestalled by Mr. Kipling. Even in justice to the latter, be sure to read them in their due order, otherwise you may be engulfed in a horrible doubt whether any of Mr. Kipling's volume, even the "Recessional," is true poetry at all. The two books represent the opposite poles in a foolish controversy, now submerged by another still more wearisome. But if you regard them, as we propose to do, from the simple standpoint of poetical criticism, you will hardly fail to mark the wide difference between the poet and nothing but a poet—the poet to the manner born—with all the poet's narrowness of practical view, and whimsical prepossessions, but with all the poet's conscientious refinement of craftsmanship, and, on the other hand, the fearless and exuberant genius, who can do a few things superlatively, most things cleverly, and always in a way of his own.

From the very first we recognised in Mr. Kipling something greater than a popular tale writer, and still believe that he will survive as the most original, most wonderful literary phenomenon of the latest Victorian generation. At his best he owned no predecessor, in subject, attitude, or manner; he has found, and will find, no dangerous rival even in himself. To amuse himself and his public, and to make money, he has lately produced much inferior work, which would soon perish but for the literary scavengers. We do not blame him: present popularity is more savoury than future fame. Yet it seemed at first that he had many of the makings of a fine poet; and a prose-poet—if the term be not a contradiction—he has frequently proved himself. He possesses exuberant imagination. His diction at its best is rich and striking. He can paint a scene or situation, as poets should, by a few telling strokes. His interests are centred on the drama of humanity. Rough,

* "The Five Nations." By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Methuen and Co.)
"For England." By William Watson. 2s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

From a Drawing by Gustave Doré.

Dante and the Centaurs.

Dante and Virgil descend into the seventh circle of Hell, where the violent are punished. The troop of Centaurs, running along the bank of a river of blood, oppose the travellers.—*Inferno*, Canto XII.

"I beheld
An ample foss, that in a bow was bent,
As circling all the plain; for so my guide
Had told. Between it and the rampart's base,
On trail ran Centaurs, with keen arrows arm'd,
As to the chase they on the earth were wont.
At seeing us descend they each one stood;
And issuing from the troop, three sped with bows
And missile weapons chosen first."
—Cary's Translation.

(Reproduced from Dante's "Divine Comedy," by kind permission of Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

summary, and even coarse as a rule, he has now and then startled us by the most tender pathos and an exquisite literary refinement. His powers of rhythm and rhyme are remarkable. What, then, does he lack which so versatile a genius could not easily acquire with due pains? At one time it seemed that had he formed himself on Calderon, he might have produced striking dramatic poems. And in some of the Tale-books there were poetical Prefaces or Epilogues, carefully written, and breathing the atmosphere of pious doubt; but they seem now to have been only reminiscences of "In Memoriam." What has he written since? A few startling poems like "Tomlinson," which owed much of their success to their daring familiarity. The "Seven Seas" contained nothing really remarkable, save a few of the jingling songs. And now the "Five Nations" finally closes the door on our hopes. Why is this? We cannot tell; unless our earliest fears, expressed in these columns, were well founded—that Mr. Kipling was falling inevitably under influences detrimental to the expansion and refinement of his genius, and wholly fatal to the development of his poetic gifts. His life is no doubt a very full one, active and useful; but it is not a poet's life. Were Mr. Watson immersed in wars and politics, perpetually gadding about and spending much time in the mixed society of ocean steamers, he might shed some prejudices, but assuredly he would lose the favour of his Muse. To be frank, we suspect that Mr. Kipling cares little for beautiful poetry, and finds no time to study it. All this not by way of blame, but to mark our emphatic dissent from the popular opinion that he has achieved a place among the British poets.

Three-fourths of this volume is devoted to variations on his old Colonial and South African themes. Mr. Kipling preaches (in verse) more unmercifully than ever on Colonialism, National Inefficiency, Soldiers, and the rest, but he says nothing worth saying which has not already been better said by himself, and by others sufficiently well. Of course most of it is now obsolete. Then why reprint it? The book looks short enough—but, oh, how long when you have to plod through it! What wonder that the public is flying from these exasperating kopjes, commandos, Tommies, and din of banjo and pom-pom to the cool, sequestered vale of fiscal conundrums and conflicting statistics!

A few notes then may suffice. First, we observe that common seal of decadent poets and poetic schools—obscurity. Of the object and meaning of some pieces we can form no idea, and almost fear they are allegorical. Such is "The Dykes" beyond doubt, and excellent it is, as of course are several other pieces whose subjects

From the Fresco in the Vatican, entitled "Il Parnaso." Painted by Raphael Sanzio in 1511.

Dante Alighieri.

(Reproduced from Kraus's "Dante, sein Leben und sein Werk," by kind permission of the G. Grote'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung, Berlin.)

have called for unusual pains. The tendency to forced and noisy epithets grows. Hence certain marine pieces. The trick soon defeats itself. Very characteristic is the "Sea and the Hills." Each of the four long stanzas begins, "Who hath desired the Sea?"—and after rioting among the wonders of the deep, ends, "So, and no otherwise hillmen desire their Hills"—that is, as children their toffee, and She-savages their pot-bellied blouses—namely, *very much indeed*. What bathos! Note, the subject is the nostalgia of hillmen, whereof not one word! The whole poem deals with the sailors and the sea. At first it reads like a really fine imitation of a Greek chorus, till one sees the monstrous un-Greek error of form. The fact is, Mr. Kipling seems to hit on a fine phrase or refrain, and without much planning writes up to it. Thus the over-praised "Recessional" owes everything to its "Lest we forget." It is well and carefully written, but the ideas are all obvious and inevitable, and only a few touches distinguish it from professional hymn-writing. We still observe the fixed idea that an occasional use of rollicking indelicacy speaks the honest soul. The office and work of our "Cruisers" is explained in a long poem by the metaphor of street-walkers who decoy sailors. "As our mother, the Frigate, bepainted and fine, made play for her bully, the Ship of the Line, so we her bold daughters . . . : accost and decoy . . . . night-walking wet sea-lanes . . . . Since half of our trade is that same pretty sort, as mettlesome wenches do practice in port"—and so on. Nautical imagery perhaps, but hardly recessional.

The later pieces are called "Service Songs," which is thus explained:—"'Tommy' you was when it began. But now that it is o'er, You shall be called The Service Man 'enceforward, evermore." Are we then never to call him a British Soldier? All describe experiences of the late war, in the supposed vile English of the supposed typical soldier—that conventional being which Mr. Kipling concocted mainly out of Ortheris, and which (among other conventions) he does not trouble to revise or develope. In this vulgar, sentimental bore we devoutly disbelieve. One or two pieces have strong character, notably "Piet," and there are a few powerful touches elsewhere. As for the jargon—the bad grammar and studious elision of every aspirate—we are sick of it. Unless written for production by character-singers at the Halls, such sketches are far better in prose. To conclude, though Mr. Kipling may acceptably copy some of his early successes, his work seems to be finished—he may turn back, he can go no further—he is fossilising. Yet who knows?

Turning, as is our wont, to the Press Opinions at the end, our ravished eye met this bold praise of "Barrack-room Ballads"—"*If this be not poetry, what is?*" We need not labour to deny that Homer and Milton must stand or fall with the minstrel of the canteen, for here at our elbow lies a ready answer in Mr. Watson's tiny volume, "For England." The first and last impression it must make on all is, that it is true poetry, composed on strict orthodox principles by a born poet, a trained poet, a professional poet. Call it cold, formal, dull, uninteresting, prudish, and so forth, according to your private tastes, you cannot possibly mistake it for the work of an amateur. But Mr. Watson's aims and achievements are now so generally understood and approved, that we may here confine our attention to his latest development.

It shows in many ways a distinct advance. He triumphs more than ever in his pellucid simplicity. Not

From the Fresco in the Vatican, entitled "La Disputa del Sacramento." Painted by Raphael Sanzio in 1508.

Dante Alighieri.

(Reproduced from Kraus's "Dante, sein Leben und sein Werk," by kind permission of the G. Grote'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung, Berlin.)

one line needs to be read twice to grasp its full import. Nor does this simplicity any longer betray him into his Master's occasional childishness, commonplace, or bathos. His passion may not be very forceful, his indignation may not carry us far away, but at least he never loses his dignity and self-respect. It is this felicitous lucidity that raises him so high above the crowd of modern poetasters, the tortured and torturing imaginers of dark sayings—the poets who are not poets. Further, the errors and crudities which marred the "Lachrymæ" have disappeared. To one word only shall I take exception. A sonnet on "The Slain" (p. 52) closes thus—"Idle your feud; and all for which ye fought To this arbitrament of loam referred, And cold adjudication of the dust." "Loam" is a terrible innovation. The only proper word is "dust," but that was wanted for the last rhyme. "Mould" has good authority ("What worthies form the hallowed mould below"), but it carries sordid associations, and would clash with the "cold." The problem was not difficult. After all, the last two lines are tautological, nor was the idea worth repeating, since as a fact neither loam nor dust have any power to settle controversies. The "all for which ye fought" should have been expanded to fill up the second line; then end, "referred To cold adjudication of the dust." Again, though the poet has never quite repeated the absolute perfection of thought, form, and expression of his august lyric, "The Glimpse," some pieces here fall not far short of it, and the general level is very high indeed. "Melancholia" deserves a whole chapter of analysis. Here the starlit sea enthrals the soul; in Mr. Kipling's vivid sea-scapes the bodily senses and the intellect. What awe is here of Nature's relentless force, what magic insight of her secrets!—"and one lone sail," the tiny, fragile, inarticulate human mystery, hovering in the mightier mysteries of "the everlasting taciturnity" and "the august, inhospitable, inhuman night!"—what unfathomable depths of meaning, of suggestion, of symbolism are here! and yet—and yet who runs may read. And why? Because the poet is not trying to impress us by arm-chair heart-searchings and fuliginous mysteries: it is simply what the Sea and Night spake to the poet's soul; to ours, too, they have spoken—therefore we understand. "Leniency" is perhaps the strongest poem, but many more merit equally the detailed criticism for which we have no space. The last piece, "Alpha and Omega," alone is poor, and the inconsistency of the last line may cause some to close the book with a smile.

As to the subject of the poems, a very few very plain words. They were all inspired by the Pro-Boer movement. In one he scourges what he calls "the Laodicean"—"Timorous, hesitant voice, how utterly vile I hold you! Voice without wrath, without ruth—empty of hate as of love!" Well, I own myself a Laodicean, that is, a philosopher, and a ruthless despiser of all Atrocity-mongery and Platform-philanthropy. Now let Mr. Watson prepare himself for a terrible shock. Startling as it may seem to him, there is not one sentiment in his book which the vile Laodicean does not humbly endorse, which he has not read with warmest sympathy and cordial gratitude. Justice, Mercy, and Truth must ever be sweet music in the ear of an honest man. Only the Laodicean would apply them to both sides in the quarrel. Were Mr. Watson a Laodicean, or a trained lawyer, or an experienced man of the world like Mr.

(Reproduced from "La Divina Commedia," by kind permission of Messrs. Alinari.)

The Death of Manfredi, King of Naples and Sicily.

Dante and Virgil arrive together at the foot of the Mountain of Purgatory. They are shown by a troop of spirits the easiest way of ascent. One of these spirits is Manfredi, King of Naples and Sicily, who bids Dante inform his daughter, Costanza, of the manner in which he died at Benevento, overcome, through the treachery of the Apulian troops, by Charles of Anjou (1265).—*Purgatory*, Canto III.

"When by two mortal blows
My frame was shatter'd, I betook myself
Weeping to him, who of free will forgives.
My sins were horrible: but so wide arms
Hath goodness infinite, that it receives
All who turn to it. Had this text divine
Been of Cosenza's shepherd better scann'd,
Who then by Clement on my hunt was set,
Yet at the bridge's head my bones had lain,
Near Benevento, by the heavy mole
Protected; but the rain now drenches them."
—Cary's Translation.

Kipling, his molehills would cease to be mountains and his geese swans—and he an inspired poet. A poet he is, with the poet's peculiar powers and limitations. What he burns into our souls is the truth, though not the whole truth. His facts are no doubt wrong, or at least incomplete, but then he does not obtrude facts, only great moral principles. And of the gall of "philanthropic spite" he feels, or at least betrays nothing. He sings the praise of Freedom and her sons—what care I whether he call them Boer or Briton. Would Homer have been less Homer, if he had taken the part of the crafty Trojans? Suppose Mr. Kipling flamed out with an Ode to the Leviathans of Fraud, beginning, "To Hell with Mammon's bloated snake!" we should all exclaim, "How vigorour! how true! how richly deserved!". But if Mr. Watson chose to sing in sad and solemn tones "The Martyrdom of Hooley," should we not all take the poor persecuted saint to our hearts, and find him a place there beside Orestes, and Romeo, and Clarissa, and Little Nell, and the other helpless dear ones who lived and suffered so veritably, though only in the poet's brain? Mr. Kipling forgets, Mr. Watson remembers, that the bard is concerned not with the hard facts of history, but with the moralities and poetries of life. It is well for our poet to be angry at each transient incarnation of Wrong as it strikes his outraged eye; he is blind to the sum of all the agonies; else were he speechless. Surely he will not spurn the poor Laodicean who murmurs—"Poet, for what thou art, and for what thou hast spoken, I thank thee. Is there not room in this wide, wicked world for thee and me?"

New Books.

UNCONVENTIONAL BIOGRAPHY.*

Though two-and-twenty years have passed since the death of Disraeli it is, apparently, still deemed inadvisable to issue the official biography. Rumour declares his correspondence was so outspoken, so personal, that its publication would give pain to many people still living. Whether this be the reason or another, the pity of it is that it seems probable the authorised life will be delayed until those who knew him can no longer render assistance. There have been biographies of a sort. Mr. Brewster's "Disraeli in Outline," a harmless and unattractive handbook, and Sir William Fraser's "Disraeli and his Day," a strange mixture of the interesting and the dull; Mr. T. P. O'Connor's "Life," a frankly partisan attack, remarkable chiefly for its violence; and Mr. Macknight's and Mr. Hitchman's volumes, compilations useful but tedious. The best accounts are to be found in the monographs by Mr. T. E. Kebble ("The Statesman" series, 1888), Mr. Froude ("The Queen's Prime Ministers" series, 1890), and Mr. Harold Gorst ("The Victorian Era" series, 1900).

* "Benjamin Disraeli: an Unconventional Biography." By Wilfrid Meynell. 2 Vols. 24s. net. (Hutchinson.)

(Reproduced from a photograph by Brogi in Federn's "Dante and his Time," by kind permission of Mr. Wm. Heinemann.)

Bronze Bust of Dante in the Museum at Naples.

"The face is one of the most pathetic upon which human eyes ever looked, for it exhibits in its expression the conflict between the strong nature of the man and the hard dealings of fortune—between the idea of his life and its practical experience. Strength is the most striking attribute of the countenance, displayed alike in the broad forehead, the masculine nose, the firm lips, the heavy jaw, and wide chin; and this strength, resulting from the main forms of the features, is enforced by the strength of the lines of expression."—C. E. Norton's "Original Portraits of Dante."

Mr. Wilfrid Meynell has no doubt done his best with the material at his command, but his book is verily a thing of shreds and patches. Mr. Meynell lightly dismisses "Disraeli and his Day" as "a medley of missed opportunity": the same judgment must with reluctance be pronounced upon his work. There was a possibility for the author to write a book that should be valuable. Mr. Meynell has bartered his chance for popularity's sake. It is as if he had said to himself: "'Snippets' are all the rage to-day; let me see what I can do in that direction." Unfortunately he has succeeded only too well. His method has been to take a catch-line like "I want to be Prime Minister," or "A Greater includes a Less," or "*Nobody* is quite well," and then expand and comment on it. This may be all very well in its way, but the result is not happy. It was hoped that this book would cover the field until the appearance of the official biography, but these hopes have been disappointed. There is still room for a volume that shall tell us all that is known about Disraeli.

Even in a biography chronologically arranged the index is frequently consulted, but in a work the arrangement of which has apparently been left to chance, the index becomes of paramount importance. Yet the indexing these volumes, which should have been done directly under the author's supervision, has been carelessly and inadequately compiled—a most interesting letter from Disraeli to Gladstone does not appear under either of these names. So far as the publishers are concerned, only praise is their due. The handsome volumes are well bound and well printed upon good paper, and they have devoted much pains to the presentation of a series of authentic portraits of Disraeli and the members of his family.

It must not be deduced from the above complaints that Mr. Meynell's book is uninteresting. While to the student of Disraeli's life and character (Mr. Meynell coins the inelegant words, "Dizzyite," and "Dizzy-worshipper") there is little that is new, to the general reader there is much which he will peruse for the first time. It would be difficult for any author, and almost impossible for one possessed of Mr. Meynell's talents, to write a dull book concerning Disraeli. Even a volume consisting of a selection of magazine articles dealing with him would be interesting, for there was something fascinating concerning the man, even as opposed to the politician and the *litterateur*. There have been others as great, but it is their actions which are interesting; with Disraeli, as with Napoleon and Bismark, it is the personality that allures, and the reader is never tired of hearing how these persons conducted themselves in private life. The careers of many men lie as an open book for those who run to read; the careers of the few are subordinate in interest to the details that show how their success was made. We want to know what qualities Disraeli possessed that enabled him to take his place, almost unchallenged, as the greatest *man* in England. Interest in him wanes from the day he became Prime Minister; but we read with avidity everything that is written to explain his movements, until, to use his own phrase, he had "climbed to the top of the greasy pole." This is what Mr. Meynell has endeavoured to supply.

He who sits down to unfold the "wondrous tale" of the rise of Disraeli may be confident that he will always find many readers. The man's career is a romance from beginning to end, from the morning when he awoke to find himself famous as the author of the brilliantly audacious "Vivian Grey," until that sad Tuesday after Easter, fifty-five years later, when, amidst the lamentations of peers and peasants alike, he passed away.

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again."

The success of "Vivian Grey" opened to him the prospect of a dazzling literary career. But that was not enough. His ambition was to distinguish himself above his contemporaries; and this, which in another would have been overweening vanity, in his case was but the knowledge of his own capabilities. After much thought he determined to enter the political arena. He frequented the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons, and on an evening, when he heard Macaulay's best speech, and such admirable debaters as Shiel and Charles Grant, he wrote to his sister, "Between ourselves, I could floor them all. This *entre nous*. I was never more confident than that I could carry everything before me in that House." Everyone knows the famous reply to Lord Melbourne, when he asked the unknown young man sitting next to him at dinner what he wanted to become: "I want, my lord, to become Prime Minister." How that statesman must have wondered whether his outrageously-dressed neighbour was a braggart or a madman: one may be sure it never occurred to him that the words were uttered in deadly earnest, and that the sentence would become historic.

From the Plaster Cast formerly in the possession of Mr. Kirkup.

Mask of Dante's Head.

By many this mask of Dante is regarded as genuine, but it cannot be traced to an earlier period than the sixteenth century, and it is doubtful whether the process of taking casts of this kind was known in Dante's time.

From the Painting by Albert Maignan in the Luxembourg. **Dante and Matilda.**

Dante wanders through the forest of the Terrestrial Paradise, till he comes to a stream, on the other side of which he beholds a fair lady, Matilda, culling flowers. She tells him that the water flowing between them is called Lethe.—*Purgatory*, Canto XXVIII.

"My feet advanced not; but my wondering eyes
Pass'd onward, o'er the streamlet, to survey
The tender may-bloom, flush'd through many a hue,
In prodigal variety: and there,
As object, rising suddenly to view,
That from our bosom every thought beside
With the rare marvel chases, I beheld
A lady all alone, who, singing, went
And culling flower from flower, wherewith her way
Was all o'er painted."

—Cary's Translation.

Rischgitz Collection.

Yet in 1849, twelve years after Disraeli entered Parliament as junior member for Maidstone, he led his party when in opposition in the House of Commons; and three years later, when Lord Derby formed his first ministry, though he had not previously held any minor office, he was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons. It was not, however, until 1868 that Lord Derby resigned the office of Prime Minister, and Benjamin Disraeli fulfilled the dream of his youth. It is an event unprecedented in Parliamentary history that, in a day when England was the most aristocratic of countries, the House of Commons to all intents and purposes a preserve for the sons of patrician families, and "the only passports to society a title, a million or a genius," a man without social position, without wealth, solely by force of character and personal qualifications, should have secured the blue ribbon of political life. It is, indeed, the one instance in this country of a man becoming Prime Minister, not by influence, nor brought in on the wave of public feeling on some party cry, but because he was the man, head and shoulders above his rivals, in whom Parliament and people alike had confidence. He had not even started with a fair field. He was heavily in debt; he had not been educated at a public school, then regarded as the only possible avenue to success; above all, he was of Jewish descent. Mr. Meynell has not laid stress upon this last supreme disqualification. He has not insisted, as he might well and truly have insisted, that at the beginning of the last century the Jew, even in this country, was a creature, if not actually banned and barred, at least disliked by the populace, and ignored by society. *Forti nihil difficile* was always Disraeli's motto, even before he formally adopted it; and he triumphed over this, as over all other, difficulties. But the struggle was so severe, so wearing, that, though he never lost heart, when he had conquered and his position was assured, he was a tired, worn-out man. "Was man in der Jugend wünscht, davon hat man im Alte die Fülle," Disraeli quoted; and, having achieved his ambition, he was inclined, like most successful men, to think the anticipation greater than the realisation. He was too exhausted to enjoy the fruits of his victory. Yet it must have been a proud thought that he who, as befitted a scion of the noble house of Lara, always regarded himself as an aristocrat, had restored the glories of his house, and had made it tenfold more prominent than, even in the zenith of its greatness, it had been.

Mr. Meynell does not show us how the great political party to which Disraeli had attached himself, and which at first sneered at him and labelled him "charlatan" and "adventurer," came perforce to accept his services, and, later, slowly, reluctantly, but surely, gave him their confidence and then their love, until to-day he is their most cherished memory; nor does Mr. Meynell indicate how the country followed the lead of the Tories, until England, which above all things, above wealth, above rank, above genius itself, esteems courage, came gradually to admire him, until, in later days, enmity, save legitimate political opposition, almost entirely ceased, and "Dizzy" became a favourite of his sovereign, a hero among his peers, and the idol of his country. Mr. Meynell, however, has plenty, though little that is new, to say concerning Disraeli's success with women. Malice asserted that Disraeli removed Queen Victoria's prejudice against him by the remark that he had learnt how to become an effective orator by studying the Prince Consort's speeches. Whether this is true or untrue, there seems to be little doubt that he did not disdain the use of flattery to gain his ends, though, in spite of this, he was at no time a mere courtier. "Gladstone addresses the Queen as if she were a public department; I, like a woman," he once explained. In trifles he never forgot the sex of his sovereign; in great affairs he never appeared to remember it—"I never deny; I never contradict; I sometimes forget," was his rule when talking with her. "He was never in the least shy; he did not trouble to insinuate; he said what he meant in terms the most surprising, the most unconventional; and the Queen thought she had never in her life seen so amusing a person. He gratified her by his bold assumptions of her knowledge; she excused his florid adulation on the ground that it was 'Oriental,' and she was pleased with the audacious way in

which he broke through the ice that surrounded her. . . . It is still remembered how much more she used to smile in conversation with him than she did with any other of her ministers."

Disraeli's relations with his wife were of the happiest and most tender kind. She worshipped him. Whether he loved her or not is a question that has often been discussed; but there is no doubt that his gratitude was very sincere and very deep. It was said that the happiest day of his life was that on which, having himself refused a peerage, the Queen created his wife, in her own right, Viscountess Beaconsfield of Beaconsfield. "I do owe to that lady all I think I have ever accomplished, because she has supported me by her counsels and has consoled me by the sweetness of her disposition," he remarked during her lifetime; and after her death he said to Lord Malmesbury, "I hope some of my friends will take notice of me now. I feel as if I had no home. When I tell my coachman to drive 'Home,' I feel it is a mockery."

Mr. Meynell devotes considerable space to the controversy between Disraeli and Peel, and dwells upon the famous letter in which the former applied for office, when the latter undertook in 1841 to form a government. No one has been able to explain how it happened that Disraeli a few years afterwards rose in the House of Commons and said: "I never shall —it is totally foreign to my nature—make an application for any place." It is scarcely credible he could have forgotten his letter, and yet, if he had remembered, it is inconceivable he would have uttered that denial, when denial must almost inevitably be followed by exposure. Mr. Meynell relates how in the small hours of the morning following the debate Peel was discovered in his study looking for the incriminating document. Peel could not find it. If it had not been mislaid, it would have been placed on the table of the House of Commons, and then, for all practical purposes, Disraeli's parliamentary career would have been abruptly closed. Such an exposure must have spelt ruin, and not even he could have lived it down. Perhaps when the authorised biography appears this matter will be made clear, but it seems extremely improbable. LEWIS MELVILLE.

From a Painting by A. Tofani. **Dante and Beatrice.**

Dante and his celestial guide enter the moon—*Paradiso*, Canto II.

"It seemed as though a cloud had covered us,
Translucent, solid, dense, and full of light,
Like d amond struck by sunbeam glorious;
Within itself that pearl eternal, bright,
Received us, as a pool receives a ray,
Nor doth its mirror-surface disunite.

If I a body was—and here no way
We know two solids in one space may fare,
As needs if body into body stray—
So much the more should strong desire appear
To see that Essence in the which is seen
How with man's nature God His own can share."
—Plumptre's Translation. (Isbister.)

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CANON AINGER'S CRABBE.*

In the life of Crabbe, Canon Ainger has neither so congenial nor so effective a theme as he found in the life of Lamb. His biography of the latter, also in the English Men of Letters series, is justly celebrated as a masterpiece of pathos. Crabbe's life had many trials, but no tragedies, and its passages of hardship, acute as they undoubtedly were, are related with too little detail to afford much opportunity to the modern biographer. The only records which enable us to form a lively picture of the man, relate to the prosperous period of his life, when he is sustaining the respectable but unromantic character of a well-beneficed country clergyman. The same character of homely solidity applies to his works; they have, like their author, conquered an enviable position by substantial merit, and afford little scope for either hostility or enthusiasm. The pendulum of their reputation oscillates slowly, and within narrow limits; we think of them much as our fathers thought, and as our posterity will think in time to come. Yet both the man and the writings have a typical originality which justifies the biographer and the critic's recurrence to the subject, and although it is not long since the appearance of an able monograph by Mr. Kebbel, Canon Ainger has been able to justify his undertaking not only by originality of treatment, but by an accession of information. This is principally derived from three sources. The "Leadbeater Papers," published in 1862, and consisting of letters addressed to Mary Leadbeater, the daughter of Burke's Quaker friend, Richard Shackleton, contained several letters from Crabbe, of which little notice has until now been taken, although they are mentioned both under Crabbe and

* "English Men of Letters: Crabbe." By Alfred Ainger. 2s. net. (Macmillan.)

From a Painting by Simeon Solomon.

The Vision of Dante

"Lonely there, painted as on vacancy, with the simple laurel wound round it; the deathless sorrow and pain, the known victory which is also deathless; significant of the whole history of Dante. I think it is the mournfulest face that ever was painted from reality—an altogether heart-affecting face."—Carlyle.

(Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Thomas and Co., Sloane Street, S.W.)

under Leadbeater in the Dictionary of National Biography. They belong to Crabbe's latter years, and their tone is that of confidential intimacy. Mr. Murray, as descendant of Crabbe's publisher, has been able to furnish Canon Ainger with other letters, as well as manuscript sermons and commonplace books; but the most important of the new aids to biography is the late Edward FitzGerald's copy of the younger Crabbe's memoir of the poet, full of FitzGerald's MS. notes. From these, assisted by his own interpretations, Canon Ainger has quite satisfactorily elicited the surprising circumstance that the most matter of fact of poets was, under medical advice, an opium eater, and that the most imaginative of his poems, "Sir Eustace Grey," is in great measure a record of opium trances. This affinity between such polar opposites as Crabbe and Coleridge could never have been expected; while the contrast between "Sir Eustace Grey" and "Kubla Khan" proves that the poet is not to be made, even by opium.

We should by no means dispute Crabbe's claim to the title of poet, but it rests mainly on the ground that he wrote in verse. He was entirely right in doing so; the metrical form prescribed limits, compelled condensation, and gave his tales and sketches a more artistic form than he could well have attained in prose. But there is no inner necessity for their being in verse, and if they were turned into prose this would not be accounted poetical prose. Could the metamorphosis be so successfully effected as to retain every beauty of the original, none would guess that the garb of metre had ever been worn by them. This could not be said of any one of Crabbe's great poetical contemporaries, whose poetical form is an essential part of their inspiration. His greatest qualities—observation, penetration, tragic pathos—are those of the novelist; if he is anywhere weak, it is in those qualities which chiefly differentiate the poet from the writer of prose fiction. Regarded, therefore, simply as a poet, he stands upon a considerably lower level than Wordsworth or Byron, not to say Shelley or Coleridge, which does not prove that he may not surpass them in description, or in moral impressiveness, or in knowledge of the human heart, or in any other respect in which the novelist may be fitly paralleled with the poet. Where the cast of mind is thus essentially prosaic, it is almost inevitable that the diction should be prosaic also. Such is in general the case with Crabbe, and the unrelieved sobriety of his language has probably prejudiced him more with the generality of readers than his realism, which with many might be even a recommendation. That such realism is not necessarily inconsistent with verbal beauty is occasionally demonstrated by Crabbe himself. Canon Ainger justly says that "the essence of a dank and misty day in late autumn has never been seized with more perfect truth" than in these lines:—

"Cold grew the foggy morn, the day was brief,
Loose on the cherry hung the crimson leaf;
The dew dwelt ever on the herb; the woods
Roared with strong blasts, with mighty showers the floods:
All green was vanished, save of pine and yew
That still displayed their melancholy hue;
Save the green holly with its berries red,
And the green moss that o'er the gravel spread."

Here the language is not only apt, but beautiful; some of the phrases are almost little poems in themselves. But in the long and photographically accurate description of the gipsy tent and its inmates, cited a few pages earlier, there is scarcely a single striking expression or beautiful word, and the pervading homeliness, though it cannot rob the passage of vitality, deprives it of the poetic charm which it would have received from a more idealising realist like Cowper or Wordsworth. None will deny it to be eminently worth reading once, but it is too unattractive for frequent perusal. The poetry of which such work constitutes the staple will not be excluded from the shelf, but it will be likely to remain there. Yet Crabbe, alike as man and poet, is so sturdy and individual a figure, that he can never be omitted from any survey of English poetry, and is even conspicuous as an almost unique instance of a poetical reputation achieved with few if any especially poetical qualifications. There was that in the man which could not fail to impart worth to any work which he seriously undertook, and although it cannot be said that his temperament was poetical, his choice of the poetical form was fortunate, inasmuch as the mere effort to write verse gave him a slight flavour of that distinction which, as a writer of prose, he would probably have wanted altogether. Thus a writer who set little store by literary form may be cited as one of the most significant examples of its supreme importance. On the other hand he is a standing rebuke to the devotees of mere technique, who forget that

"In all the vaunted works of art,
The master-stroke is Nature's part."

One light in which Crabbe may be regarded is that of a link, alike as poet and clergyman, between the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, in the main a man of the former, yet sensitive to the influences of the latter. His openness to new impressions at fifty is shown by the anecdote of his having read the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" through at one sitting, or rather standing, in a bookseller's shop. Had he been born thirty years later he might have been a greater poet, but would have been a less interesting figure.

RICHARD GARNETT.

RUSKIN RELICS.*

"One thing he never taught me to do," says Mr. Collingwood, "was to keep a diary. . . . In trying to recall these bygones, one begins to perceive their loss; so little can one save from the wreckage of time. Once, when his talk was rather confidential, I said, 'Never mind, I'm not Boswell taking notes.' 'I think,' he replied, 'you might do worse.'"

He might indeed. And what a Ruskin's Boswell he would have made! It was once said, when Mr. Collingwood produced the first unamended edition of his biography of Ruskin,

* "Ruskin Relics." By W. G. Collingwood. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. (Isbister and Co.)

that he had written rather a dull book. That charge could not be sustained in connection with "Ruskin Relics." He is a charming writer, as direct in his own way as that Boswell whom Ruskin half wished, we may suspect, to recognise in him. He is a good judge of character, too, and not at all disposed to close his eyes to Ruskin's little foibles, or be beguiled into thinking that a wholesome hero-worship transmutes weaknesses and eccentricities into qualities of the first or of any rank. He is convincing, as well, and cultivated beyond most men. As Ruskin's secretary, he caught his enthusiasm, modified however, by a very sane judgment. But he caught also his taste for pure and refined English, which derives its flavour and its style, not from deliberate aiming at effect, but from that simple restraint and instinctive knowledge of the right word, non-Latin for choice, that lends a quality of charm singularly harmonious with the subject of his book. But not only in the writing, in the illustration also, is he pleasant above the ordinary; and here, too, in his clever drawings he has caught a good deal of the manner of the master, more than of that of his distinguished father of the Royal Water Colour Society. "On Ruskin's Old Road, between Morez and Les Rousses," has something in it that recalls the famous Mont Blanc drawing in "The Two Arts," and other examples might be adduced. But this resemblance of manner was common to many of those who worked for Ruskin; we are told here how one of Mr. Maundrell's drawings actually figured in the two Ruskin Exhibitions after the author's death, passing all expert eyes, and was only discovered too late for correction; and furthermore, how Ruskin found it necessary sometimes to write "Bunney's, not mine," on sketches made for him by that able assistant. Even in this book, I recognise Ruskin's charming treatment of leafless saplings (which you may see in the drawing of a wood, which Mrs. Severn allowed me to make public in the *Magazine of Art*), in the late Mr. Laurence Hilliard's pretty drawing of "The Waterfall at Brantwood Door."

In speaking of Mr. Collingwood's unusual capacity, I have cited only his literary and artistic ability. But as we read through these delightful chapters, we realise that although they are necessarily not very profound, he is able to follow his teacher with understanding and sympathy through all his varied accomplishments. He could sail a boat with him, and boast some knowledge of boat-building. He could follow him in landscape-gardening—Ruskin's landscape gardening: that is to say, which seems to have combined botany and arboriculture with rock knowledge, with a little of hydrostatics thrown in. He is no mean student of geology, either, or of Gothic architecture, or of the art of quick sketching, as we may judge by the chapter on "Ruskin's Old Road." Moreover, he, with Mr. Alexander Wedderburn, translated Xenophon's "Economist," on an unusual plan desired by the master, who then made over to them the copyright, so that for the last thirty years they have had "an annual postal order," representing profits, enough, as Ruskin put it, "to keep you in raspberry jam." He mastered cartology and physical geography, adapted as it were, for use and not for study. He becomes an independent critic of Ruskin's colour work in the chapter on "Ruskin's drawings," and of his efforts in musical composition (who ever heard of *them?*—for example, of "At Marmion's grave: Words by Sir Walter Scott, Air by John Ruskin, 1881"?). He talks of minerals and jewels, as Ruskin did, in the character of the "unscientific mineralogist," unscientific, perhaps, but delightful, and to all, intelligible. And although he spares us political economy, we know that he could express himself in good set terms on that subject too. In all these chapters he is usually a little elementary, a little gentle, suave, and immaculate, as one feels one must be when writing for so exemplary a constituency as that of *Good Words*—for whom these chapters were originally designed. But they are enlivened with many an anecdote, and are an adjunct really valuable to the more serious biography, on the pages of which they shed side-lights of character that illumine the subject with an occasional brilliance.

But "Ruskin's Library" and "Ruskin's Bibles" will for many, be the most interesting chapters of all. It will surprise many that in the library of the great art-critic and political economist—(nay, do not raise your voice in dissent!—reject which claim you please, or both; but admit him at least a voluminous and widely-read writer on the two subjects)—in John Ruskin's library books on these subjects are conspicuous by their absence! One volume of Crowe and Cavalcaselle is there, with only a few pages cut and read, with the margin scribbled with hostile criticism. But for knowledge of what there is, I refer the reader to Mr. Collingwood, to discover what were the classics, the books on geology, natural history, on birds and insects and botany, poetry and *belles lettres* that Ruskin loved and used. Ought he, asks Mr. Collingwood, to have learnt the art-handbooks first and saved himself from little errors? There have been fine artists, he reminds us, whose drawing a mere art student might correct. So "Ruskin's work is full of little faults; *de minimis non curat;* but he got at the root of the matter, mostly, and he could make you see it. All the tinkering criticism about his mistakes only shows he thought 'first-hand,' so to say, and wrote with a full pen."

But he tells us a good deal of the man in his everyday life, until you see him yourself, almost as a neighbour at your side, with his splendid character embroidered with his noble little weaknesses and honourable prejudices. In one important detail, I hold Mr. Collingwood is wrong. "I think his fear of death," he writes, "was purely dread of leaving his

The Pine Forest at Ravenna.

Dante is said to have written part of the "Divina Commedia" at Ravenna. The description of the "divina Foresta spessa e viva" in "The Purgatorio" was doubtless inspired by the beautiful pine forests of Ravenna.

"Already had my steps,
Though slow, so far into that ancient wood
Transported me, I could not ken the place
Where I had enter'd; when, behold! my path
Was bounded by a rill, which, to the left,
With little rippling waters bent the grass
That issued from its brink."

—Cary's Translation.

work undone, with some shrinking of the possible pain." Now, Mr. Ruskin once spoke with me very fully on this matter, and in the course of conversation, he said—justifying the latter portion of Mr. Collingwood's phrase: "I am a dreadful physical coward myself." But then he went on to say that he was "mortally afraid" of death, not because it was dying, but *because it was the end of living*—that he revelled so passionately in the beauty of the world that it was enough to drive him mad to think that he was going to be snatched one day from the enjoyment of it. That conversation took place at Morley's Hotel, in Trafalgar Square, in the autumn of 1887.

Mr. Collingwood's view of Ruskin's work, in one of its phases, is so sound, that it must open the eyes of some who have been obstinately blind to his genius and his work. For example, in one place the author says: "I had pre-Raphaelite measles badly just then, in reaction from the water-colour landscape in which I had been brought up. Only I was too ignorant to see, till he showed me, that the virtue of real pre-Raphaelite draughtsmanship was in faithfulness to natural form, and resulting sensitiveness to harmony of line; nothing to do with sham mediævalism and hard contours. By and by he promoted me to Burne-Jones's 'Psyche received into Heaven.' . . . And when all was done, 'That's not the way to draw a foot,' said a popular artist who saw the drawing. But that was the way to use pure line, and who but Ruskin taught it then?" In another place, he says: "I do not rate him as an infallible authority, neither in taste, nor in ethics, nor in anything. But he was a great teacher, because . . . he made you see what he saw, and taught you to look for yourself."

Mr. Collingwood has drawn a very winning picture of the great Ruskin, more attractive, because more human, than the earnest estimates of many other writers. "Ruskin *intime*," the book might have been called; it invites the public into his home, his study, his travelling-carriage; and from such companionship none can quit him without a softer heart and a deeper veneration.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

DR. JOHN BROWN.*

Perhaps no one has ever undertaken any piece of work with more genuine, though undemonstrative, enthusiasm, or with more loving admiration, than that which impelled John Taylor Brown to write about his cousin, Dr. John Brown, the charming author of "Rab and his Friends." He confesses that he found it difficult to speak of him without some appearance of exaggeration, and always regarded him as the most faultless character he ever came in contact with. Unfortunately, the nonagenarian labourer was cut off by a sudden death before reaching the end of the biography, and before he had finally revised all that he had written. Like some other old men, who never lose their vigour, he seems to have half-forgotten that he was mortal, and worked at his self-imposed task steadily but leisurely, as if time were no object. Some of his "copy" was in pencil, hardly decipherable, on odd sheets and half-sheets of paper, on old envelopes, newspaper wrappers, and other scraps, often without anything to indicate the position in the narrative which the fragments were respectively intended to occupy. Of some passages he had fastidiously prepared many versions; and, as there was nothing to show which version he preferred, the editor has had to use his own discrimination, in preparing the work for the press. Here and there one comes across a phrase, or a clause, which the author would doubtless have varied had he been spared to see it in type. With commendable taste the editor has retained his uncle's *ipsissima verba*.

In the biography, which occupies barely one half of the volume, there are many very interesting reminiscences of Dr. John, notably those of his boyhood, a period which is not dealt with by "E. T. M'L." in her little monograph on "Dr. John Brown and his sister Isabella." It is pleasant to know, too, that it was his fearless devotion to duty in early manhood, during an outbreak of cholera at Chatham (a devotion which with characteristic modesty he never mentioned), that first gave Dickens a highly favourable impression of Scottish character. Scattered through the second part, which is devoted to an appreciative criticism of Dr. John's literary work, there are also many interesting reminiscences. While both parts are redolent of him, both are pervaded by the individuality of the biographer, a learned Scot, endowed with shrewdness, common-sense, and reverence. Mr. Dunlop's brief sketch of the latter, and the portrait of him in his eightieth year, make one yearn to know a little more of the aged and tireless book-hunter who so recently passed away. In that enjoyable sketch there is a slight lapse concerning his paper on "St. Paul's Thorn in the Flesh." It is said that it "attracted no little attention when it appeared anonymously in the *Horæ Subsecivæ*." But its appearance there was hardly anonymous, for in the preface to the first edition, Dr. John says: "It only remains now for me to thank my cousin and life-long friend, John Taylor Brown, the author of the tract on 'St. Paul's Thorn in the Flesh.'" The present volume will be prized not only as a delightful memento of both men, but as the wonderful work of a man who had reached an age which is seldom attained.

D. HAY FLEMING.

* "Dr. John Brown: A Biography and a Criticism." By the late John Taylor Brown. Edited, with a short sketch of the Biographer, by W. B. Dunlop. 5s. net. (A. and C. Black.)

DREAM-PEOPLE OF ROMANCE.*

The publication of a new novel by Mr. Stanley Weyman is, in these days, something of an event, for whilst there are many writers of romance who satisfy the critics but not the public, and many more who satisfy the public but not the critics, Mr. Weyman is one of the happier few who can do both. He has inherited much of the greater secret that was Scott's and Dumas'; he knows that all reality is only the stuff of dreams, and he has mastered the magic of dissolving it into dreams again. Fact in his hands remains fact, but his touch transfigures it and clothes it in such a glamour as perhaps nothing wears in reality, though all things wear it in remembrance. You step into his stories as into some wonderful cavern of the Arabian Nights, you turn the first page and have left the commonplace, every-day world behind you, and are at once in a far-off kingdom of romance, "where nothing is but all things seem," where everything has a warmth of colour and light that is neither of heaven nor of earth, where the men and women walk in human guise, yet are either of finer or baser clay than ourselves—heroes and heroines, such as in exalted moments we can imagine we ourselves might have been; scoundrels such as we can conceive it possible some of our acquaintance might have been, but are not. They are, in a word, the right dream-people of romance; we wrong them in attempting to judge of their actions and motives and natures by our conventional human standards; they could not breathe our atmosphere, they would look monstrous and ghost-like among our cold realities, being creatures of a nobler star, but in their own world, among their own conventions, where normal humanity would look grotesquely out of place, they appear merely natural and at home. It is because so few authors have power to create this other world and the non-human but human-seeming race that is native to it, so that the whole illusion convinces by its perfect harmony, that so few among the countless romances that are written fulfil simultaneously the literary and the popular ideal.

Where among common clay women are you going to find, for example, such a heroine as Anne Royaume is in "The Long Night"? When Claude Mercier, a young student newly arrived in Geneva, applies for a lodging in her mother's house, she mysteriously refuses him, and on his insisting, only accepts him after she has made a most amazing trial of his self-restraint. "Stand where you are," she said, "and I will try you whether you are fit to come to us or no." He promised to obey, and dipping an iron spoon into a pot of boiling broth, she deliberately allowed some drops of the scalding liquor to fall on her bare arm. Thrice she repeats this experiment, and he, seeing the "red blisters spring out on the white skin," is on the verge of interfering, when she tells him she has done. "If you come here," she warns him then, "you will see me suffer worse things, things a hundred times, a thousand times worse than that. You will see me suffer, and you will have to stand and see it." He takes his lodging on this condition, and finds himself in a strange household. There are three other lodgers: the swaggering, cunning Basterga, the swashbuckler Grio, and the sneaking, cowardly student Louis Gentilis, with Anne to wait upon

* "The Long Night." By Stanley Weyman. 6s. (Longmans.)

them all, as well as upon her bedridden mother, who is subject to occasional fits of madness.

The scene is laid in Geneva at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The Duke of Savoy has lately failed in an attempt to make the city his own, and while the terms of peace are being settled, he is plotting to take by strategy what he could not by force. Basterga, who is in his pay, is in Geneva secretly seeking for means of betraying it. He is a man of some learning, and dabbles sceptically in the black arts for his own purposes. Having bribed a physician to assure the Syndic Blondel, who has charge of the city's defences, that he is suffering from the scholar's disease which is incurable, he discovers, almost by accident, a marvellous elixir that will cure this fatal complaint, but has only been able to retain one dose, and this he has promised to the Duke of Savoy. He plays cunningly on the Syndic's fears of death, and finally announces that the Duke is willing to give him the elixir as the price of his betrayal of Geneva. The old man's attempts, through Claude, through Gentilis, and at length through Anne, to steal the elixir from the casket in Basterga's room, lead to some startling and dramatic scenes; among other things, they lead to Claude's discovering what it is that gives Basterga his abhorrent power over Anne, and so increases his love of her a hundredfold, that even while he pities he could worship her. The Syndic succumbs to his tempter's diabolical machinations at last and the city is betrayed; but when all seems lost, Claude, at Anne's instigation, is the means of saving it. The gallant headlong fighting that snatches a victory when the enemy is already within the gates, on the longest night of the year, is brilliantly and thrillingly described. There is no falling off anywhere. "The Long Night" is an excellent story, contrived with a plenty and ingenuity of detail, and a skilful use of unexpected and exciting situations that will give it place with the very best of modern romances.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

THE PHILOSOPHER OF NOLA.*

"Poet, teacher, and martyr," we may apply to Filippo, afterwards called Giordano, Bruno, the words which we read on old Burton's monument in Christ Church, Oxford—"To few unknown, but known by fewer still." It has even been debated whether he was burnt by order of the Inquisition in that Campo dei Fiori at Rome where his statue, a singularly thoughtful piece of sculpture, from the hand of Ferrari, was set up amid scenes of tumultuous rejoicing on June 9th, 1889. However, he did certainly agonize in the fire, with a courage equal to Cranmer's, and his writings did not perish with him. It has struck Prof. McIntyre of Aberdeen that the British public ought to learn a little of what Bruno held and put into print, Latin or Italian, but in copious eloquent pages. Hence this volume, the first attempt in any degree adequate to render into English an almost unknown philosopher.

It gives Bruno's life in about one-third of the book, as full as our very scanty and broken information will permit. The rest deals with matters so recondite as "Cause," "the Infinite and Immeasurable," and "The Least,"—such are the titles of this master's disquisitions,—and with two other works, the "Spaccio della Bestia Trionfante," which attacks Christian dogma in all its forms, Catholic or Calvinist, and the "Heroici Furori," which defends what we might now describe as the rights of genius. Prof. McIntyre has taken the utmost pains to elucidate his author, and will, of course, be quoted whenever occasion serves up Bruno for argument on modern tables. He may be profitably compared with another distinguished commentator, Sir F. Pollock, who did the like service for Spinoza many years ago. The Italian lends himself to quotation; his own style is brilliant, often cutting, and essentially polemical. Under these circumstances translation becomes a pleasure, and all who attend upon metaphysics in any degree will read these chapters to the end. We could have wished, even, for a couple more, criticising the poems and, if possible, letting us into the secret of Bruno's mnemonics, or art of memory, to which latter pretension he owed his betrayal at Venice, with all that followed.

Nothing of consequence has been added to the biography, unless we so account a few more details gleaned in Geneva, touching the conduct and attitude towards the Protestant authorities of this runaway Dominican friar. He seems everywhere to have been quarrelsome, except when he stood before the inquisitors of Venice. There his courage failed him. As regards his sojourn in London and Oxford, little is positively ascertainable; but the Professor ruins various legends, such as his meeting with Shakespeare and belonging to a literary club, the Areopagus, of which Sydney and Greville were members. No one seems able, either, to explain how he was

Dante and Beatrice.

From the Painting by Ary Scheffer.

Beatrice descends from Heaven.—*Purgatory*, Canto XXX.

"In white veil with olive wreathed,
A virgin in my view appear'd, beneath
Green mantle, robed in hue of living flame:
And o'er my spirit, that so long a time
Had from her presence felt no shuddering dread,
Albeit mine eyes discern'd her not, there moved
A hidden virtue from her, at whose touch
The power of ancient love was strong within me."
—Cary's Translation.

Rischgitz Collection.

kept a prisoner by the Roman Inquisition for seven years. That Clement VIII. desired to win him over and make him write on behalf of Catholicism, may be a reasonable conjecture; but there is not a line of evidence to go upon. When the friar was finally examined, in December, 1599, he said that he neither would nor ought to recant, and that there was no matter for recantation. His judges could hardly allow it, since they had the means of testing what he affirmed by his own writings. If heresy was a legal offence, as then it was everywhere in Europe, and as it is not now, Giordano Bruno was, beyond question, not only a heretic but an heresiarch. He has commonly been termed an atheist. Professor McIntyre would define him rather as a mystic Theist; and he expresses opinions which do seem to bring him within this category. But, on the other hand, Bruno held a doctrine

* "Giordano Bruno." By J. Lewis McIntyre, Anderson Lecturer in the University of Aberdeen. 16s. (Macmillan.)

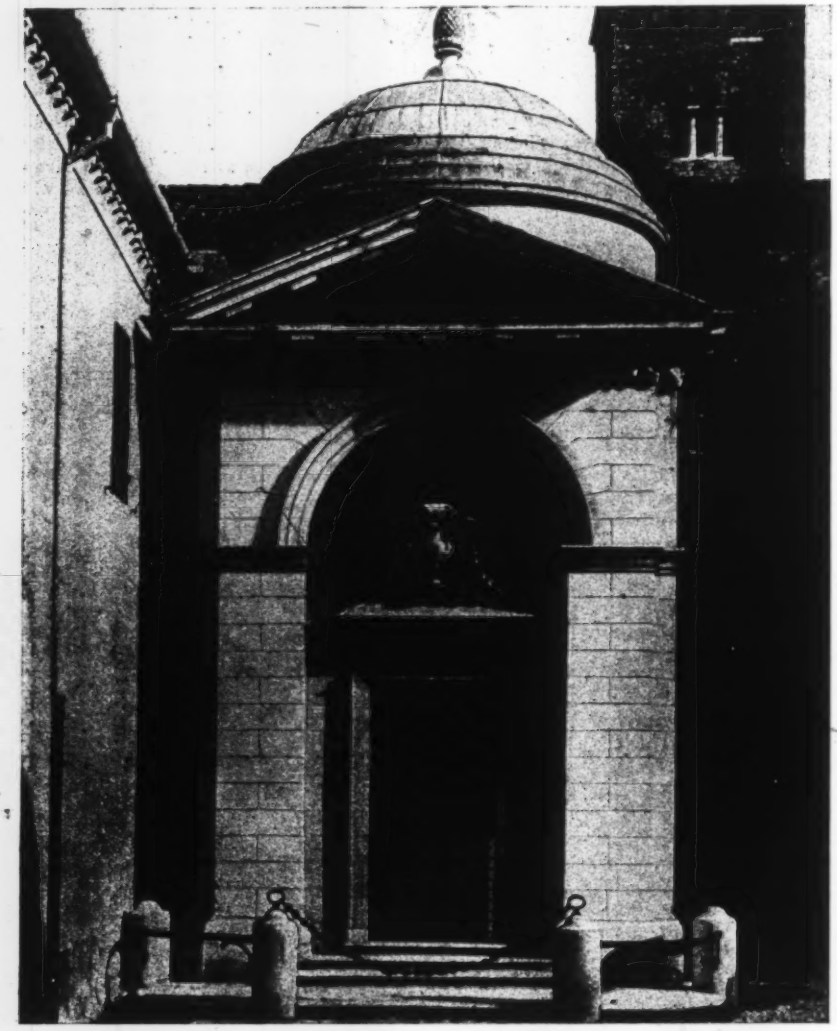

Photo by Alinari. **Exterior of Dante's Tomb at Ravenna.**

Dante died in 1321, at the age of fifty-six, and was buried at Ravenna. Five times the Florentines begged Ravenna to return to his native city the ashes of their great poet, each time in vain.

"His life, his fame, his grave, though rifled—not thine own,
Happier Ravenna! on thy hoary shore,
Fortress of falling empire! honour'd sleeps
The immortal exile! Arcque, too, her store
Of tuneful relics proudly claims and keeps,
While Florence vainly begs her banish'd dead, and weeps."

—Byron's "Childe Harold."

not distinguishable from that of Spinoza, concerning the ultimate Reality which, he said, was beyond Good and Evil, being a transcendence or indifference of opposed qualities. And, at all events, he flung from him the whole Catholic teaching about Christ, whom he satirised under the figure of Orion.

What could "the ascetic Sfondrati, the intolerant Borghese, or the learned Bellarmino," say to these things, if so the matter came before them? It is inevitable that comparisons should be made. Henry VIII. burnt Anne Askew; Calvin burnt Servetus; the Swiss beheaded Gentili, each and all as heretics. That the greatest was Bruno will be denied by none who have reckoned up his discoveries, or surmises, in physical science, and who can trace down to Hegel, perhaps to Lotze, the path of his ideas. In sum, and taken without insisting on disputable minutiæ, they afford the only working hypothesis that Monism seems likely to bring forward as an alternative to Christian, that is to say, Platonic Theism. I should guess that Professor McIntyre has not spent years in the study of St. Thomas Aquinas, or he would scarcely have suggested (as on page 297) that medieval Christianity was a "religion of incoherent personal emotion and brute ignorance." St. Thomas would smile were he charged with incoherence; and the "personal emotion" which distinguished St. Francis of Assisi was something better than "brute ignorance." Is it not always a counsel of perfection to avoid language that stereotypes prevailing errors? The casual reader should be taught, for example, that he will not understand Bruno if he simply huddles up early, middle, and decadent scholasticism in one sweeping anathema. Nor is emotion, even in spiritual things, either to be suppressed, or again to be managed wisely, without more discrimination than we find here. At certain epochs too, as in our own, the mystic drawing towards Monism has its dangers. It requires to be set forth candidly; but the teacher who knows for what consequences he may have to answer by and by, would do well to judge it severely. For it always—there is absolutely no exception—threatens to repeal, or absorb, or volatilize, the law of duty under which we were born.

WILLIAM BARRY.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.*

Imagine a beautiful girl who had spent the best part of her life in a lighthouse perched on a lonely rock, with no companion but a taciturn father, numbed by the burden of a great sorrow. Suppose, further, that at the risk of her life she saves a comely young fisherman from drowning, and then the sequel is not far to seek. Pierre Carcassone had, as it were, seen the bottom drop out of life, and had only lived on because he seemed too unlucky to die. After the tragedy he had fled from his fellow-men to become the keeper of the Grand Bayou light. Here Barbe, his daughter, grew up in strength and beauty, till the fateful day when she fished Alain Carbonec out of the whirlpool, only to find that her pet cat and tame seagull could no longer fill her life as they had done before. The dawning of this new feeling is most delicately told by Mr. Oxenham, and these opening chapters form a charming idyll, a preface to the stirring events which follow. For the course of true love never yet ran smooth in a novel, and the fame of Barbe's beauty roused the richest man in the little Breton village to rivalry. Carcassone learns from this man, Georges Caoudal, that Alain is the son of the man who had ruined his life. Not content with this, Caoudal makes a cowardly attack on Alain, which results in both falling through a cleft in the rock into a vast and unknown cave. Caoudal dies of his injuries, and when Alain is rescued, after a grim struggle with a horrible *ver de diable*, he is charged with the murder of his rival. Only one man can save him, for suspicion is heavy upon him, and this man is a young Paris advocate staying in the village. The advocate consents, but asks of Barbe the most awful price that man can ask of woman. After a thrilling trial scene Alain is acquitted, and in a moment of generosity the advocate masters his passion and leaves Barbe to Alain.

This bald summary is most unjust, however, to Mr. Oxenham's enthralling story. It is written with such force and sincerity that the incidents of the cave and the trial do not seem in the least improbable. The devil worm in the sunless pool in the cavern, which with less skilful handling would have aroused mere incredulity, is a weird and terrible creation. The story moves on so rapidly that every incident is natural and in proportion to the rest. Mr. Oxenham has done no work so finished or of such unflagging interest. A word of

* "Barbe of Grand Bayou." By John Oxenham. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

praise, too, is due to the perfect little portrait of Barbe which forms the frontispiece: it catches the spirit of the book exactly.

"EMMY LOU."*

To lovers of children, "Emmy Lou" is a book not only to read, but to keep. Its fascination is of an enduring nature, for it is the story of a child told with an exquisite insight, and with a "remembrance," as it were, of childhood, never allowed to become riotous, either in pathos or in humour. The stumbling-block to most writers of juvenile character is the tendency to violent extremes. If the child is not made an angel, the only alternative appears a positive nightmare of misbehaviour. Emmy Lou is a genuine creature, sweet with the naive wistfulness of her age, the inherent confidence, the puzzled simplicities, the slow, almost tentative unfoldings of character and intelligence. To read Emmy Lou's school-life, and not to feel tenderly to the little plump scholar suddenly flung into the complexities of the first Primer, is to be indifferent to the appeal of childhood. Emmy Lou is life-like portraiture, though it is portraiture manipulated by the artistic temperament. There has been both selection and reserve in the choice made. There are children who have by no means the whiteness of Emmy Lou's patient and persistent little soul—children whose intuitions are both more cunning and more cute. But at the same time there are also many Emmy Lous in the world, and acquaintance with them is a constant renewal of hopefulness. The world is a stale, stereotyped place, but its dusty qualities are being perpetually swept by the freshness of the little creatures who come with their unconscious wholesomeness to revivify the adults they are presumed to be entirely fashioned by. The book is delightfully illustrated. Indeed, the illustrations are so admirably expressive that without them half one's delicious intimacy with the round, baby-faced scholar would be impossible. They perfect one's acquaintance with the adorable person of Emmy Lou.

Novel Notes.

DOCTOR XAVIER. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Hodder.)

In "Doctor Xavier" Mr. Max Pemberton has given us a charming fairy tale for adults. The Doctor is a mysterious and remarkable man, who has learnt the secret of beauty and has a scientific method of making whom he chooses beautiful. He chooses Esther Venn when she is wandering in despair at having failed to secure a theatrical engagement. She is willing to submit to his system, becomes the most beautiful woman in the world, is taken to Paris, fascinates the Prince of an imaginary kingdom, and marries him. But it is to this end that Dr. Xavier has been diabolically working; by the immutable laws of the Prince's country if he marries a foreigner he incurs the death penalty, and the Doctor, who was formerly his guardian and regent of his country, has designs on his throne. There are alarms, excursions, and imminent perils, but all ends happily, and the whole thing is eminently readable.

THE JESTERS. By "Rita." 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The cult of the "smart set" is as much a feature of modern fiction as it is of modern society, whether it takes the form of open admiration or the more subtle disguise of satire. However, if novelists must write about anything so unnatural as "smartness," we admit that there is no more skilful chronicler of the artificialities of society than "Rita." In all "Rita's" books there is a leaven of sober, serious people. The freshness of her work is due to the skilful way in which the butterflies are contrasted with the duller insects. In "The Jesters" Lady Betty and her friends are boldly carried off from their fastnesses in Mayfair and transplanted to an almost empty hotel in Cornwall. In the loneliness of Tintagel they are forced to touch at least the fringe of reality. Here they meet an American girl who is as earnest in the study of romantic England as they are strenuous only in futilities. Here, too, Lady Betty meets a live man, who had once (we almost blush to mention it) been compelled to earn his living. Happily Lady Betty was spared the full truth, and she did not disdain to try an experiment on him, the result of which—but perhaps

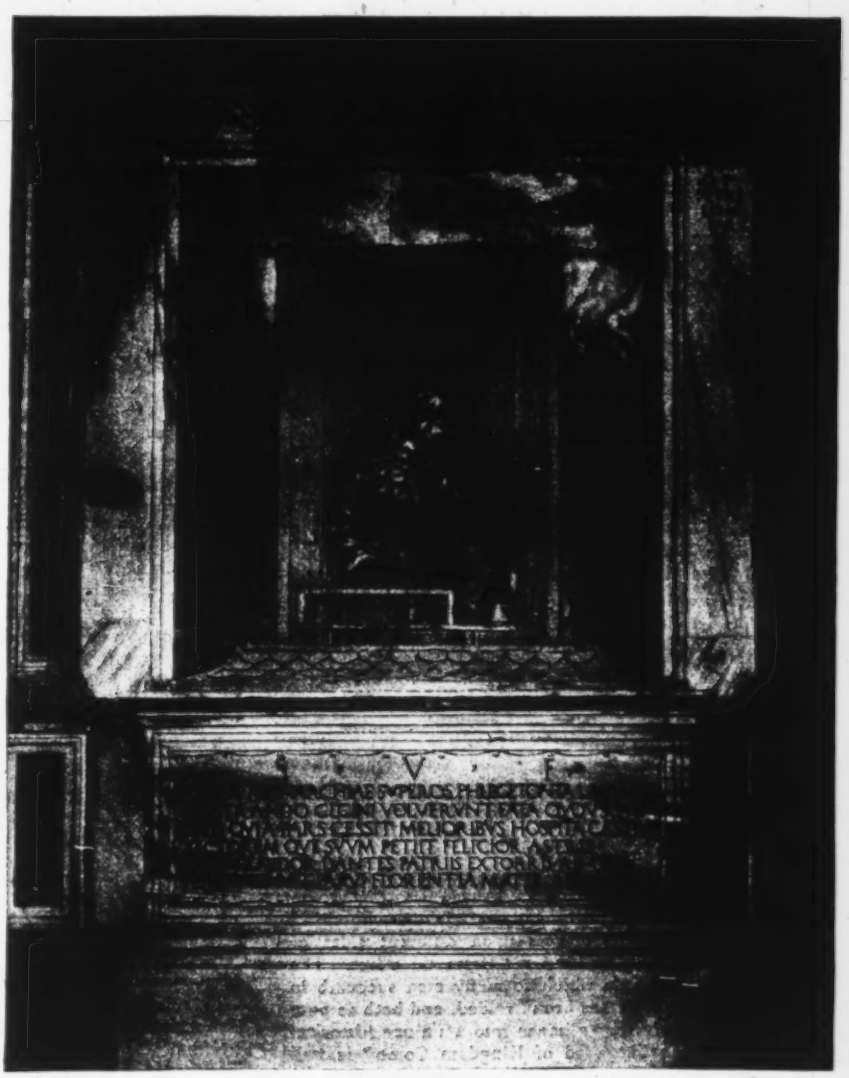

Photo by Alinari. **Interior of Dante's Tomb at Ravenna.**

"Dante's burial-place, left incomplete owing to the misfortunes which overtook Guido da Polenta, appears to have gradually fallen into decay. It was restored in 1483 by Bernardo Bembo, who was at that time Praetor of the Venetian Republic in Ravenna. Much of the work executed by Bembo's directions, including the marble relief of Dante reading at a desk, remains to this day. It was a second time restored, more than two hundred years later (in 1692), by Cardinal Domenico Maria Corsi, the Papal Legate; and a third time, in 1780, by Cardinal Gonzaga, who erected the mausoleum, surmounted with a dome, as it now stands."—"Dante Alighieri," by Paget Toynbee.

* "Emmy Lou." By George Madden Martin. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

that is best left to the reader. Suffice it that "Rita" has lost none of her old brightness and vivacity, and has perhaps gained something in constructive power.

THE FAIR OUTCAST. By Ralph Lewin. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

"The Fair Outcast" reads like the work of a beginner. There is good stuff in it, but it is badly arranged. Mr. Lewin never seems to have made up his mind which story he was writing, the result being that we have here parts of several stories artificially made into one. The fitting together of the various parts is ingenious, but ingenuity is the characteristic of the puzzle-maker, not of the artist. Mr. Lewin is ambitious. He has shown commendable courage in tackling a big question, the problem of a woman violently in love with a man ten years younger than herself, who feels that she must beat down her passion and force her lover to abandon her. To depict the feelings of such a woman is only given to few, but Mr. Lewin is to be congratulated on his attempt. The actual dénouement is singularly unconvincing: indeed it is an anti-climax, and the hero's conversion from the older woman to the younger takes place in an absurdly short time. Incidentally Mr. Lewin is clearly anxious to show that he has studied life in a Government office from the inside. There is much in the Green Paper Office that the toilers in Whitehall will recognise. But surely Mr. Lewin must know that no one can get into the Treasury by doing "tots."

TOMMY WIDEAWAKE. By H. H. Bashford. 3s. 6d. (John Lane.)

Nowhere is fashion more unconsciously followed than in the publication of books. The cult of childhood has become a fashion. In consequence, book after book appears full of the glorification of juvenility. Undeniably the subject is interesting. Youth has an overflowing freshness which is like a breeze through a sultry room to the orderly and routine-permeated minds of mature people. A successful book on children is among the best reading a grown-up can have. But the present craze for literature about juveniles is deplorable. The result is a promiscuous idealization which reduces the subject to absurdity, and creates upon the inexperienced reader the most extraordinary impression of childhood as an embodied and always irresistible sermon. "Tommy Wideawake" is among the unnatural books about boys. An effort has been made to draw the normal male, but the virility of manner is not sufficiently sustained to take effect. Tommy is a boy idealised, and the poet into whose society he is flung, is still more unlike the poet of ordinary existence. The atmosphere of the book is fanciful, rarefied, while the character sketches have none of them sufficient normality to be convincing.

THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME. By John Fox, junr. 6s. (Constable and Co.)

This is essentially a New England story. The life of Chad, the little American orphan, could only have been written by an American. The atmosphere of thought, if one may use such an expression, is fundamentally un-English, and the characters and the events both carry one instantly into a country where the ways have something of the freshness of foreign places. The subject of the war of North and South is one of enduring attraction to authors. Its dramatic possibilities are inexhaustible, and the thrill of its tragic intensity is like an emotion hardly yet dead either to English or American readers. There was about it so much that was noble in sentiment, so much of profound principle and mental anguish, that it remains like a mine of permanent treasure to writers in whom the search for a plot begins to be difficult. Here, in Mr. Fox's book, the deep conviction which led so many men into actually fighting against their dearest friends, which set brothers and relatives as officers upon different sides of the struggle, is used with excellent dramatic effect. The danger of melodrama into which so many men succumb in treating the same subject has been avoided, and both as pure narrative, and as a further glimpse into a unique historical period, "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" is well worth reading.

UP SIDE STREETS. By W. Pett Ridge. 5s. (Hodder.)

This is a series of short stories and sketches in Mr. Pett Ridge's happiest vein. "The Mutenorth's and Temple Bar" is sheer farcical fantasy, and one or two of the stories are delightfully humorous exaggerations, but most of them, as "A Sense of Duty" or "Mr. and Mrs. Ranger," are full of a quieter whimsicality and an occasional undercurrent of pathos, and are at the same time as shrewdly observed as are all the slighter sketches in the volume. Mr. Pett Ridge may be at times photographic (as some people tell him when they want to be critical), but he supplies his own flashlight, and his photographs have an expression and a quaint individuality that leave you in no doubt as to the identity of the photographer.

WHERE LOVE IS. By William J. Locke. 6s. (John Lane.)

There is a squalor of high life no less than of low, and the one only seems more unpleasant than the other because it is not disguised. And amid much elegant squalor of fashionable society Mr. Locke places Jimmie Padgate, whose goodness and pure nobility of nature accentuate the sordid soullessness of his surroundings and are accentuated by them. He is an unsuccessful artist, slaving continually at "pot-boiling" orders; as he says of his more ambitious pictures, "They might have been beautiful if I had done what I started out to do. It is the eternal tragedy of the clipped wings." He speaks no evil, and believes the best of everybody. There is humour and an elusive pathos in the record of his adoption and upbringing of the orphaned daughter of a fellow artist; but the main theme of the book is Jimmie's secret and hopeless love of the beautiful Norma Hardacre, who is betrothed, without love, to his wealthy friend, Morland King. He never dreams that Norma loves him or knows of his love till, on the eve of her marriage, she rebels against her fate, and comes to him while he is under the shadow of a disgrace that should have fallen on King. But the title is a bitter irony. The contemplation of Jimmie's poverty daunts her; love alone is not enough, after all, and for a widely different reason she flies from him on the eve of marriage, as she had fled from King. It is one of the strongest and most brilliant novels that even Mr. Locke has written, and has a deep human note that makes it absorbingly and poignantly interesting.

The Bookman's Table.

TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO. Edited by Sir Henry Yule. 2 vols. £3 3s. (Murray.)

This is the third edition of Yule's version of Marco Polo's travels, revised and brought up to date by Professor Cordier, of Paris. The discoveries of explorers and the researches of Orientalists during the last two decades have brought to light a vast quantity of new matter relating to the wanderings of the great Venetian traveller. In particular Persia has been thoroughly studied; Central Asia and West and South-West China have been opened up more widely to our knowledge, and it is the results of these investigations which form the leading feature of this edition of Yule's famous version. The fascination which Marco Polo's book has exercised on many minds through successive generations is largely due to the fact that it is a repository of difficult questions. Marco Polo was not, like Sir John Mandeville, a person of dubious veracity, and the proof of this is to be found in the fact that many of his allegations, on which doubt has at different times been cast, have been verified by the research work of modern scholars. These two sumptuous volumes cannot be praised too highly. The amount of erudition packed away between their covers is almost incredible. No fact is too insignificant to be carefully annotated, and the running commentary which accompanies the text deals with almost every branch of human knowledge. The illustrations are numerous and of the greatest interest.

CONTEMPORARY FRANCE. By Charles Hanotaux. 15s. net. (Constable.)

This is the English translation of the first volume of M. Hanotaux's work. The distinguished author is probably best known in this country as a politician, but his literary triumphs have been no less remarkable than his diplomatic successes. The volume under review covers the period from February, 1871, to the 24th of May, 1873. It deals with the end of the Franco-German war, the peace negotiations, and the Commune; or, in other words, it is the history of the Government of M. Thiers. It is professedly written from the standpoint

of a staunch Republican, and its object can best be gathered from the author's own words: "I would wish the Democracy to pause one moment for reflection, and to consider its own acts and deeds, which in proportion as they are left behind become history." This volume is to be followed by three others, which will bring the narrative down to the end of the year 1900, and will thus complete the history of the Parliamentary Republic. The events described in these pages are deserving of the careful and thoughtful attention of all students of democratic institutions, and the masterly manner in which they are delineated by M. Hanotaux places his work far ahead of all others dealing with the same topic.

ANGLICAN INNOCENTS IN SPAIN. By F. E. Sidney, F.S.A. 7s. 6d. net. (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton and Kent.)

This book contains the jottings of a traveller in Spain. For the most part the author is concerned with the religious observances of the inhabitants of Andalusia, and his account of the ceremonies which are characteristic of Holy Week in the South of Spain is extremely interesting. There is also a graphic description of a bull-fight. In reading this book one cannot but be struck by the backward condition of the people in this part of Spain, though this is not surprising when one remembers that heretics were burnt at the stake as late as 1808, when the presence of the British armies under Wellington rendered this practice, to say the least of it, inexpedient.

ON THE DISTAFF SIDE. By Gabrielle Festing. 6s. (Nisbet and Co.)

Books about real people are nearly always welcome. The barest history of a genuine person has an appeal no novel, however realistic, can attempt to rival. The mere fact that the life revealed was once an existing fact stirs the reader to an anticipatory complaisance. It is as if no existence could be passed, and not leave some significant hints behind for those who choose to take them. In addition, curiosity to see how much another human being was able to do with the familiar, besetting difficulties of existence is extraordinarily keen. Miss Festing's endeavour, therefore, to resuscitate the lives of four historically famous women is in itself an interesting experiment. Of the sketches themselves, the last, upon Amelia, daughter of George II., is perhaps the most successful. Intimate and ample information was probably more procurable in this case than in the others. In addition, sharp and worldly as Amelia became in later life, the unhappy love episode of her youth has a pleasant trace of sentimentality, while even in old age she was not without the grace of a genial *savoir vivre*. Miss Festing has written her lives carefully and impartially, and if she lacks the magnetic gift of expression that seems to make the reader like a spectator of a visible drama, she has two qualities supremely necessary for biography—those of sympathy and discernment.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from current numbers of "The Bookman" (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the

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Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. DUCKWORTH AND CO.

In **Donatello,** by Lord Balcarres (6s. net), we get an intelligent and critical account of the work of an artist who has been far less discussed and exploited than almost any other of the Renaissance period. Donatello was a master of realism and proportion, but he has not been a "popular" sculptor, in the modern acceptation of the word. Perhaps his work is too ugly, or, rather, is too much lacking in superficial beauty to please the tourist or the ordinary lover of Rome and the galleries; but in this volume we are impressed again by his quiet greatness, his restrained force, his wisdom, sincerity—his genius, in fact. This is the latest volume in Messrs. Duckworth's "Library of Art," which so ably reflects the history of Art itself, by its admirable biographies and criticisms of artists and their work.

MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS.

After reading **A Butterfly: Her Friends and Her Fortunes,** by Iza Duffus Hardy (6s.), most readers will come to the conclusion that it is well to be a butterfly. The butterfly of the story, yclept Amy Clavering, hovers from flower to flower, or, rather, from impecunious bank clerk to multi-millionaire, in her beautiful, gentle way; she acquires riches, love, friendship, the gratification of every wish. And if, as seems in this life of ours to be inevitable, she meets with some pain and stress, these are slight compared with what her friends have to bear—those who are not butterflies. The story is quick and unhackneyed, shrewd and entertaining, and possesses that valuable asset—a happy ending.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT.

Mr. John Ashton's **Gossip** (7s. 6d. net) is gossip at its best. It is concerned with public matters of varied interest in the first decade of Queen Victoria's reign, and with its store of good and racy material is a valuable and amusing collection of reminiscences. Big events of national and political importance are touched in lightly with smaller happenings and fashions in manners. The Queen's Accession chapter finishes with a description of the craze for knocker-wrenching by the "young bloods" of the period; and squibs, cartoons, and cuttings from the *Times* prove that the wit and wickedness, at any rate, were equal in those days to our own. Famous names appear here, and forgotten scares and panics are revived, with tales of innovations, progress, and fun. We are glad Mr. Ashton began to live when he did; he has made such good use of the privilege.

MR. JOHN MURRAY.

Mystery, so crude and clumsy a material in the hands of the writer who cares nothing for the honour and dignity of his profession, is used by Mary Deane in **Treasure and Heart** (6s.) with the delicacy inseparable from the work of a true lover of the beautiful in words and scenes. The long, careful story which opens in an auction-room in Florence, where a baby girl runs down the long table among the bric-à-brac to the arms of Gian Lorenzo, the professional antiquary, passes on through an atmosphere of art and brightness, flowers, love, and mystery, the collecting of treasures, the pains and hopes and tumults of life, to a peaceful, happy end, and is a pleasure and a satisfaction throughout.

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.

An interesting study of sub-consciousness and self-consciousness is given in Annie Steger Winston's **Memoirs of a Child** (2s. 6d. net). The child is an American child, with sensitive nature and, seemingly, a prodigious memory. The records are trifling, but significant, the pages are brightened by amusing reminiscences, and made attractive by just those revelations which recall similar feelings, fears, puzzlings, and mistakes to a reader's mind. The little volume is one to interest, to open up thought, and set a dreamily-inclined person dreaming.

MR. JOHN LONG.

Despite a certain crudeness of expression and leaning towards the melodramatic, there is interesting and uncommon material in **George Savile,** by Charles Morav (6s.). In it the author has set himself to present a combination of the natural and the unnatural; of a cynical man of tainted nature with occasions for fierce fighting against the good and bad in himself, and of a man of fine character facing and accepting a hereditary mental taint—not insanity—which in a dark hour renders him powerless against himself. This is a stormy tale, in which the elements work in unison with the human beings—or *vice versâ*—and personality is revealed, and felt, and moulds circumstance.

MESSRS. HARPERS BROTHERS.

A double bid for success has been made by Mr. Eden Phillpotts with his autumn book. **The Golden Fetich** (6s.) is not only a story which reveals him in something of a new light, but it is one which will appeal to a large boy-public as being the very thing for Christmas reading. The hero stands six feet four in his socks, for two years held the heavy-weight wrestling championship of the German Gymnasium, and was tried for the Cambridge Rugby team.

COUPON.

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When a hero of this kind (who, in addition, finds himself suddenly poor when he had expected to be rich) comes across a fetich which tells of glorious wealth in an obscure land, we know that there will be stir in the pages which follow; there is. The hero goes on an expedition to that far land of diamonds; more than this, he takes his sweetheart and friends with him, and there is exciting pic-nicing in Massegi lands. Mr. Phillpotts will be luring Mr. Haggard's friends away.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN AND HALL.

One of the most pathetic little books we have read for some time is **John B. Leicester Warren**, a biographical sketch of Lord de Tabley (2s. net), by Hugh Walker, M.A., LL.D. In it, if one is a cynic, one may find proof, as it seems, that humility, lack of self-confidence, diffidence—those gentle traits which should be almost virtues—are fatal to public recognition or success. If a man makes little claim to talent, his critics, even his friends are fearful to avow his powers, or too blind to recognise them. Here, too, we are freshly impressed by the tragedy of a sensitive nature. De Tabley was sensitive to an unusual degree, and his griefs and hurts were many. Fame did not come near him till he was an elderly man within a few years of the close of his life. His was not the nature to meet inappreciation and difficulties with indifference, and his efforts spell, it would almost appear, Failure. To those who knew him as friend, however, and to those who can distinguish true poetry otherwise than by its bulk, the man who wrote "Orpheus in Hades" was a man of rare character, with elements of magnificence in him.

MESSRS. NISBET AND CO.

We have an extremely good Charles II. story in Mr. O. V. Caine's **Wanderer and King** (6s.). Stories of this Charles's time are so frequently concerned with the gaieties and intrigues of his notorious Court that it is refreshing to go farther back, to the not less straightforward, though perhaps not more truly dangerous time, of his flight and secret wanderings through England, a royal fugitive among determined pursuers and devoted servants. The telling of this story is admirably direct and unadorned; its incidents "bite"; the excitement of the situations is honestly made apparent. The introduction of an American youth, like to Charles Stuart in feature, brave, loyal, and cheery, is a strong point in the tale, and with a fresh outlook and a vigorous pen Mr. Caine has made an old story thoroughly absorbing.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK AND CO.

The vice of gambling is the main subject of Miss Edith Metcalfe's novel, and the pains of the gambler, poetically described, give it its title, **Pyramids of Snow** (3s. 6d.). There is a generous meed of incident in this story of two brothers, supposed co-heirs, in their youth, of their uncle's wealth. The elder brother is a fine, upright fellow; the nature of the younger becomes sapped and undermined by liberty, careless living, and the love of play. Music, as is so lamentably often the case, encourages rather than prevents mischief. Music and murder is the combination in this case, and a lurid little affair it all is. Miss Metcalfe handles her plot well, and in no way panders to her sinners.

MR. GEORGE ALLEN.

"We were weary of 'boy,'" says the "Pedagogue"—or rather Mr. G. M. A. Hewett—in **The Pedagogue at Play** (6s.); so, with three other schoolmasters, he went off on a "shoot"; and in the happiest, most engaging manner he makes us feel "the sort of joy that steals over the boy-ridden man when he finds himself for half a day turned loose on the grass with the harness off." And oh, parents, if you are just a little inclined to feel hurt at this weariness and this joy, of and apart from your "young hopefuls," read on, and rejoice that schoolmasters are *not* "a cross between an automatic machine and an iceberg." This volume is the record of a man who loves sport and athletics, and also loves the best things in life and in the world: added to this it has the merit of being honestly amusing and cheerful, encouraging to open, outdoor, healthy living, and one of the best gifts we can think of for any normal man or boy during the coming gift-season.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO.

The guidance of lovers through passages perilous to pleasant ports is effected by Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey with as much freshness and vigour now as in the past. Her brightness and vivacity never fail her, and her stories have the merit of a cinematograph lecture—they amuse while they teach. In **A Passage Perilous** (6s.), several love stories are blended and brought, through ups and downs, to the "pleasant port." Each pair of lovers is distinct, and each has its individual interest, while the young wife who learns to love the husband who was forced to leave her as soon as the wedding ceremony was over, is the chief figure in the novel, and the one who is, perhaps, in most danger in the "passage perilous." Miss Carey has the skill to make her tales exciting to those who are eager to learn, and restful to those who already know the bliss and the danger of life.

MESSRS. C. ARTHUR PEARSON.

In **Life's Counterpoint**, by Lily Perks (6s.), there is not entire harmony throughout. In this sort of composition (to continue the musical simile) discord is necessary in some measure, and we get it. Miss Perks's hero had musical, artistic, and, indeed, almost radical (or so he thought) tendencies; whereas he was required to be just steady, practical, and a "hard-and-fast, old-fashioned Tory." Here is discord number one, at the start; but much more creeps in when the hero, in his wanderings abroad, stops at Florence just to see that his cousin Alice is all right, and falls in love with the passionate, unstable Elwythe, with whose mother Alice is living. Politics, music, love, and Italy are here; the good finally prosper and the fickle are punished, and both the harmony and the discord are mild and wholesome.

MESSRS. DIGBY, LONG AND CO.

Lucas Cleeve's latest novel, **Free Soil, Free Soul** (6s.), is set in the reign of George II., and is concerned with a handsome young Englishman in America, a well-born young collector of customs. This young Henry Frankland's fancy is caught by a lovely bare-footed serving-girl at the inn where he rests after a skirmish with smugglers at Marblehead. The tale which follows is King Cophetua's, with a difference; but in spite of the "difference," the theme is picturesquely treated, and ends with a wedding, although it needed nothing short of an earthquake to bring about the ceremony.

MESSRS. CASSELL AND CO.

A good four-act play might be built upon Mr. Morice Gerard's new novel, **The Tenant of the Grange** (6s.), for it is dramatic from start to finish; with mystery and misunderstanding, sin and society, love and laughter, to quicken interest and vivify its scenes. In the "Prologue" Sir Miles Colliston, over a *tête-à-tête* dinner at "the most sumptuous and expensive" restaurant in London, tells his friend, John Harkbutt, K.C., of an expedition he is about to make to the Andes, and of a young man named Sylvester (unknown to him as yet), who is to accompany him. Harkbutt, with his keen memory working over his criminal cases, inquires about Sylvester, and warns Sir Miles to be careful. Before two years have passed Sylvester has disappeared, and Sir Miles is living in a lonely Grange under another name. The events which follow are constructed into an exciting tale of love and justice.

MR. R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

The anonymous heretic who has written **The Heart of a Heretic** (5s. net) is a very mild and harmless individual after all. He is one of the many who are fretted by the narrowness of creeds, who chafe under the dogmas urged by persons of a too limited spiritual vision, and are unable to sit silent while foolishness and evil are committed in the name of Christian civilisation. There are fine thoughts in the book, and a gentle, broad humanity. Even the general sneer at those who are happy in a "definite form of religious belief" is not so contemptuous as usual: perhaps this man of unfettered thought is able to see that it is possible some may be as sincerely able to believe a creed as others are sincerely unable to believe it. This were broad-mindedness indeed! The volume is more calculated to help and ennoble than to demolish foundations of belief.

MESSRS. GREENING AND CO.

Mr. Adair Fitz-Gerald forestalls our criticism by openly styling his new novel "a melodramatic story." **The Love Thirst of Elaine** (6s.) is just that, and, like most melodramas, has much to be said for it as regards its rousing, absorbing, and entertaining qualities. The mother of the hero has been tricked, she believes, by a false marriage; the hero sets out to unmask the villain—when found. The villain referred to—less black than he is painted, perhaps; at any rate, less black than one of the other villains—sends the hero, little dreaming that he is sending his own son, to penal servitude for forgery; and so forth. But it is all very credibly done; and Mr. Adair reminds us that stranger things—he quotes two—happen in real life. Elaine's love for the hero is of the Juliet for Romeo type: it is passionate and enduring. And the end is the end of all sensible melodramas—"joy and peace."

MR. EVELEIGH NASH.

A good specimen of the cut-and-thrust style of novel is Clinton Scollard's **A Man-at-Arms** (6s.). There is the—we may almost call him—familiar hero, who quarrels with his father in the first chapter, and, going out angry into the streets, happens to render signal service to a great man, who, for reward, attaches the brave youth to his service. But there is more than this: there is a clearly-cut, spirited story, told in straight, honest fashion; also there are variations to the usual theme in the quality of the hero's attachment to his new master, and the new master's deserving of the same. We have grown, too, to value the man who can write an historical novel without a superabundance of archaisms: the man who refrains from exclaiming "Gadzooks!" or its equivalent, is worth attending to. Mr. Scollard leaves himself neither time nor need for "Gadzooks!" and his book is worth reading.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON AND CO.

In **Tea-table Talk** (2s. 6d.), Mr. Jerome K. Jerome drops small gems of wisdom and philosophy set in connecting links of anecdote and repartee. Being merely *tea*-table talk, the themes are not too serious—woman, man, woman and man, truth, consistency, cooks, conversation, love, strength, progress, and so forth—these are chatted of by a Woman of the World, a Philosopher, a Girton Girl, a Minor Poet, and an Old Maid; the selection of the company is good, and prevents the dulness of perfect agreement. Speaking of progress, "I gain my faith," said the Minor Poet, "by pausing now and then to look behind." This is in the last "talk," which is, perhaps, the most thoughtful and poetical of all.

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